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GERMAN WOMAN IN SOVIET HANDS

**The Journal of a Young German Wife Under
Bolshevik Occupation from January 29
to May 31, 1945**

Translated from the German by Miss Mary P.
Campion, B.A., M.A.

Edited by Prof. Austin J. App, Ph.D.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

While I visited Germany, Austria, and Italy in the summer of 1949 to see how the self-acclaimed "crusaders" are applying the Atlantic Charter to the vanquished countries, I met again a German woman whom in 1931 in Bavaria I had met as a happy, brilliant young girl. She told me of the terror, abuse, and shame she and millions of German girls and women suffered in 1945 when our policy of Unconditional Surrender delivered them into the power and lust of our Bolshevik lend-lease pals. Since I knew her to be completely honest and reliable, trained in scholarly objectivity, I suggested that she let me see her "life" under Soviet occupation in manuscript form. The result was a 60-page typewritten manuscript constructed from her memory, diary, and notes.

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS (Cont'd)

Talking over the various points with her, and correlating her story with other sources, convinced me that here is a remarkably sober, restrained account of the incredible tragedy inflicted on the women of Christian Europe: the brutal mass violation and slave abuse of hundreds of thousands of German, Austrian, and Hungarian women by the Eurasian beasts whom Christian Europe had managed to keep out for a thousand years but whom American Unconditional Surrenderists Yalta-ed into the middle of Europe—into Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest.

I decided to present her story to the American people, who still do not fully realize the monstrous crime which was committed in their name on Christian Europe by the lying scoundrels who lended them into the war allegedly to make Europe safe for Christianity but in fact to Morgenthauize it into the Christ-lessness of the beastliest rape-and-kill terrorists of historic times—the same scoundrels who are still, while professing to oppose communism, dismantling what is left of Christian Europe into the same Christ-hating communist hands!

For obvious reasons the name Elizabeth Lutz and Dr. Thomas Lutz are not the true names of the very real writer and her husband. She was born and raised in Munich, had married and lived in Berlin, and during the war been transferred to Eastern Germany. She is an intelligent Catholic woman, whose interests have been non-political and cultural. Her husband is an authority on dairy farming.

The translator, Miss Mary P. Campion, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, B.A., M.A., worked for the Friends Service Committee in Vienna, Austria, from February, 1946, to September, 1947. From September, 1947, to October, 1948, she was a civilian employee of the U. S. Army in Munich, Germany, and Salzburg, Austria. She is therefore perfectly qualified linguistically and psychologically to render this touching story of war-caused crime and suffering from German into English.

The editor, it is important to stress, is responsible for all heads and sub-heads, and for all footnotes. Also for all bracketed material.

1. Until drafted into the army in 1942, the editor, Dr. A. J. App, was head of the English department of the University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa. He is now associate professor of English in Philadelphia and reachable through the Boniface Press. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, received his A.B. from St. Francis Seminary there, his M.A. and Ph.D. from the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. He has spent five summers in Europe, 1926, 1931, 1932, 1934, and 1949. Besides many pamphlets and articles, he is the author of *History's Most Terrifying Peace* (1946), *Courtesy, Courtship, and Marriage* (1947), and *The True Concept of Literature* (1948), obtainable for \$1.00 through the Boniface Press, 3353 Magnolia St Philadelphia 44, Pa., U.S.A.

The Story of Bolshevik Despotism in the Region of Berbitz — East of the Oder

by
ELIZABETH LUTZ

In the fall of 1943 the legal deviation of the cabinet, of which my husband, Dr. Thomas Lutz, was head, had to be transferred to the idyllic little town of Berbitz, east of the Oder River, on account of the continuous air-raids on Berlin. Other departments were moved to smaller towns in Pommern or Thüringen.

Despite the overcrowding caused by the shifting to Berbitz of several other offices, we managed to rent a nice apartment in the second floor of a villa which, together with about eight other one-family houses, lay on a hill overlooking the town. During individual trips from Berlin to Berbitz we had managed to move practically all transportable objects except for larger pieces of furniture. In this way we thought we had saved our things from the war.

The Bolshevik Are Approaching

If I had had the slightest suspicion, however, of the tragedy that awaited me in Berbitz, then in the summer of 1944 when my husband was drafted into the army and sent to the coast of the North Sea with the naval artillery, I should have returned to Berlin, despite the bombings. As it was, I depended on the assurances of the government that we would be evacuated in trucks in due time should danger of an invasion from the East at any time threaten us. Up to the very last we simply could not believe that we would be sacrificed to the Russians. But, as we learned later, the Ministry of Propaganda had prohibited the evacuation of the population east of the Oder so as not to provoke panic conditions among the rest of the German people.

Neither did I know that many people, better informed than I about the true situation in January 1945, had sacrificed their homes and left with the last trains. It is true that one saw daily columns of refugee transports moving through the town, coming from farther East—people who could have warned us better than anyone else. But just then the cold was so intense and the snow lay meter deep, so that the horses could hardly get through, to say nothing of an individual human being with a heavily laden hand-sled.

In one transport alone, the last to pass through, sixteen tiny children were frozen to death and had to be buried in Berbitz.

When there was no longer any doubt that the Russians would be coming soon and that escape was no longer possible, we women folks seated ourselves together and consoled ourselves with the thought that the Russian army would merely pass by us on the way to Berlin, perhaps leaving only a few occupying soldiers in the town. In case of emergency we had some potatoes and other vegetables cached away, whereas in Berlin, even though our homes might still be intact, we should have had no food supplies whatsoever.

Today, with all our possessions lost or destroyed and myself at the point of death, I regret only too sorely that I did not take upon myself what seemed at the time an impossible risk, to start out on foot through the snow, heading West. Maybe I would have made it! Here in the meanwhile, many have taken their lives, others have been liquidated by the Russians or deported, and no one knows anything about his neighbor. No one is even interested in knowing, either, because the misery is so great, the senses so numbed to all suffering! It is even hard to believe in a kindly God—how could He allow such an outrage! But when in bitterest need and deepest pain, I can nevertheless still send up a short and fervent prayer.

But now I want to portray in sequence what I have experienced since the Russians on January 21, 1945, have become the masters here. I am at the same time thoroughly aware that my fate is by far not the worst and that many of my friends are much worse off.

The Bolshevik Have Arrived

On the 29th of January, 1945, I left our house on the hill, portable typewriter in my hand, and started for work. As a young married woman without any children, I was obliged to work as secretary. All the shops were closed and in front of the Post Office, where I stopped to post a letter to my mother in Bavaria, an officer of the Volksturm was giving some young men instructions in the use of a mailed fist. Another man in uniform stood at attention with a hand machine gun. When I arrived a little later at the corner house in the Freudenbergerstrasse, where my artist friend, Helen Bärwald, lived, I found all the house residents in the cellar. Freudenberger Allee had already been attacked by artillery fire, and Russian armored cars had driven past.

Just as I tried to induce Helen to leave the house and come with me to the villa, a volley of gun shots resounded against the wall, the windows shattered, and as I looked out in front of the house I saw that a Volksturm trooper had immobilized a Russian scout car. A dead Russian lay nearby; others were fleeing into surrounding houses. It was evident to me that this happening would be avenged by the oncoming Russian tanks. Hence immediately grabbing up one of the suitcases already packed, while Helen grabbed the other one, we hurried up the hill to our apartment as quickly as possible. The entire afternoon we heard shooting and the droning of armored cars driving past. Another lady, who was an acquaintance of our landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Grebmann, and who had arrived in the meantime, was assigned to our bedroom, so that Helen was supposed to sleep on a mattress near my couch in the living room.

But there could be no question of sleeping, for when the shooting became heavier and heavier, all of us took shelter in an underground passageway between two hospitals, the existence of which was totally unknown to me until then. Other villagers were already sitting or standing around there when we arrived; a few candle stumps shed forth a meager light. All were heavy-hearted and fearful of the next minute; children cried themselves to sleep in their mothers' lap. Suddenly a crude voice barked out from the entrance of the passageway: "Don't leave! That women and children will be

massacred is only propaganda!" We could only imagine that the Russians had already discovered our hideout and would commence a massacre in the dark passage. But it developed that the voices were those of Polish officers who themselves were fleeing from the Russians and the shootings. However, so deeply into our very marrow had we been terror-stricken that we were glad to leave the passageway and go to our houses. One woman, a Mrs. Seller, friend of the owners, was so nervous that she could no longer stay seated and left the house again at a quarter to two. I learned later that she had been an NSDAP party member and had had an authoritative position in one of their offices. She started out through the woods on foot and we never heard of her again. No doubt she perished out there.

At two o'clock we heard several loud voices in front of the house and as I opened the window I saw a huge crowd of people streaming up the hill. Below the whole town was ablaze. I could hardly believe it to be real; in front of that glowing red background, people appeared as black ants, laboriously dragging heavy burdens through the snow. The pointed gothic tower blazed like a flaming torch. Although many people begged entrance to our house, the "hardhearted" landlady let only an older acquaintance with her daughter and granddaughter in. These took over our bedroom and, through their nervous and upset condition, brought our own nerves to the near-breaking point.

First Contact With The Bolshevik Looters

The next morning the first Russians entered the house. They were a detachment of four men wearing thick fur caps and padded winter jackets. As a precaution, the landlord, Mr. Grebmann, had lined the vestibule with liquor bottles in the naive hope that his house might thereby be spared from ransacking. To the succeeding troop of slant-eyed Mongolians (presumably because the first had largely exhausted the liquor) the tenants (who now also included Mr. and Mrs. Nieser, both teachers) brought their jewelry and watches. Hysterical, Mrs. Friedel embraced one of the greasy Kirgis and drank with him from the same bottle, and the elderly Mr. Grebmann patted them familiarly on the back. In short, they enacted a disgusting brotherhood scene which could not but nauseate Helen and me. However, this whole degrading exhibition naturally did not hinder these soldiers from ransacking the house and "liberating" what they liked. One of the Mongolians held up my Tom's tall leather boots triumphantly, the other one put my rings into his pants pocket. Although the rings I had laid out for them were only my second best set, I retrieved them immediately while he was rooting around in a drawer. I thought, and rightly so, that I could perhaps make good use of them another time. Scarcely had this second detachment left the house and we were beginning to breathe freely, when fists once more thundered at the door: thus it kept up the whole day. The house doors were not permitted to be locked any more. Each [of the loots] took what he wanted either in a more or less harmless or in a malicious way. Soon we and the Russians were wading knee-deep in thrown-around clothing, laundry, and bits of smashed dishes.

Helen and I were the first Germans, I guess, to go outside the next day in an attempt to run down to the burning town in the hope of possibly retrieving this or that from our dwelling. Though the

ceiling above us was still burning, we were able to get into the rooms on the street floor and snatch at random what lay near or what was especially dear to Helen.

Although we encountered wild-looking fellows everywhere, we tried two other times to get to the village and into the house before the walls collapsed. We did manage to drag a number of things into the garage, which was still standing, and some other things Helen took with her. The major effort, however, was that of salvaging from the smoking cellar canned goods and preserved vegetables, meat and fruit for Mr. and Mrs. Nieser, who were too scared to leave their asylum at Grebmann's to fetch the things themselves. We realized that food would be at a premium in the future; consequently we labored so determinedly to salvage it, the more so since we were promised a portion of it. The terrible task of dragging one rack wagon after another up the hill, the sight of a totally destroyed town, the scurrying and terrified people, the house being continuously ransacked by Russians, and the prospect of a night without rest and security had even during the first day physically overtaken us.

The Looters Threaten Executions

As we once again arrived with our load, we heard that all the young people who had been members of the Volksturm were to be shot that evening, unless the town was officially surrendered by the mayor. Just what we were to understand by that wasn't clear to us, inasmuch as most of the houses were already burned down. Furthermore we knew that the mayor had previously fled, and so could not formally surrender the town to the Russian commander. Because not one of the men dared venture out of his house, once again Helen and I made up our minds to go to the Russian commandant and ask them not to shoot the young men. Our neighbors, a man and wife, whose son had been in the Volksturm, not voluntarily, but drafted of course, had already fled with him to the woods to find a common end. Helen and I could not, however, find the Russian commandant, and since it was beginning to get dark, ran back to the house, though it promised but little better protection. At least there we could disappear among other people, whereas on the street we were practically the only Germans. I had a mouse-gray blouse on and had put a brown, wool scarf over my light hair. Helen had dressed similarly so as not to attract attention. Our faces were careworn and sorrowful enough, so that we surely could not have an alluring effect on anyone.

The Fear Of Violation

A few days later, when we had learned from bitter experience that the Russians were not at all fastidious about women, and did not let themselves be scared off by shabby clothing, I put a pillow beneath my clothes to effect a hunchback and Helen hobbled around on a stick. As soon as a new detachment of Russians entered the house noisily, we squatted tremblingly about the round table in Grebmann's livingroom. One of the soldiers sat at the table with us with pistol disengaged and demanded schnapps or vodka, while the others rummaged around the house. It was a most uncomfortable roundtable, at which no one dared to speak. We women sat with downcast eyes and lowered

head. Someone had told us never to look a Russian in the eye otherwise we would be lost.

When one of them, a burly, red-headed, fat fellow, who had come from one of the other nearby houses, and demanded a glass of water and permanganate of potassium as a disinfectant (Mrs. Grebmann knew Polish and made out what he wanted), and thereupon rather unabashed undertook a cleansing in the water glass, we knew finally why a gracious destiny had thus far spared us from being raped. It was because two houses from where we lived the owners had taken in some young girls and women from the town. These had to suffer violation every time a new detachment of soldiers came up the hill to the undamaged houses.

The Coarse Vandallism of Those Looting Brutes

Before long the inside of the house looked as if a band of robbers had lived there and that was about the literal truth. The fellows had cut the beds up into little pieces, slit open the upholstered chairs, thrown the furniture around; had slashed pictures, despoiled the books, cracked eggs against the wall; had poured liqueur over the rugs, torn curtains down, and scattered the entire contents of all the closets and drawers all over. One of the most painful shocks for me was to see how two of the ruffians with their heavy boots kicked the chest in which I had my beautiful porcelain wrapped in tissue paper and cotton wadding. They were all treasured pieces from Meissen, Sevres, Copenhagen, Naples, Nymphenburg, Berlin — elephants with saddle-cloth, dancers with lace-skirts, kokoko figures, colored cups, birds and other animals, sweetmeat services, bonbon dishes, receptacles with beautiful handpainting, fruit dishes and cake platters, all in the most exquisite style. My most beautiful piece, a Meissen container in delicate form, was used by one of the roughnecks as a toilet.

Fortunately I had been able to rescue two trunks of things. Once I buried them in the garden in the snow, another time I dragged them into the cellar, later to the roof and finally, as the snow was beginning to melt, under the coal in the shed.

Once I appeared just as the Russians were emptying my knapsack onto the floor, in which I had hidden all my identification papers, personal papers and photos, and my purse and money which I thought safely concealed in a faraway corner of the room. They tossed the papers into a pitcher of sour milk. They had also taken an ax and smashed open the gigantic chest which was standing in the cellar of the house, the total belongings of relatives of our landlady, evacuated from East Prussia. It contained irreplaceable materials, jewelry, crystal and so on; all this the ruffians stole or completely destroyed.

An Apothecary Shielding a Lame Girl Is Simply Shot

Mrs. Grebmann, who before the Russians had come, had been almost fanatically careful to accept into her home only those of the highest social standing, and who saw to it that the inside floors were guarded from the slightest scratch, sat chalkwhite in her formerly elegant drawing room and struggled for breath. She had relinquished all her reserve

and was screaming at us to go and get Mr. Clemm from the other end of town as he knew Russian and could defend her. Helen and I reluctantly started out, knowing that danger lurked in every street and alley. Cannon balls were whistling all around us; some atrocity was happening on every street corner. No matter where one went, one heard horror stories, saw women violated, observed plunderings and shootings.

In the very first days the young apothecary was killed by a shot in the nape of the neck, while he was about to help a crippled girl defend herself against a Mongolian soldier. In the Sellbachhaus twenty-five women were held prisoner an entire day in the basement. Individual ones were dragged out and violated by dozens of Bolsheviks. Naturally Mr. Clemm did not want to leave his own house, especially since he had to keep guard over Frau Glasse, wife of the Regierungsrat, whom the invaders had thrown into the GPU cellar the day before. The lady, otherwise so elegant, carefully groomed and made-up with her platinum-blond hair, sat like a mummified ancestor, the way nearly all of the women now looked who had formerly had such a well-groomed appearance. Even the Russians are supposed to have said that they thought the German women were prettier, and complained that not one of them would laugh! Well, we no longer knew how to laugh nor did we have the slightest reason to want to!

The Immoral Louts Are Naturally Also Arsonists

The following day we learned that Mr. and Mrs. Hahn had taken poison the very night the inferno started. Mr. Hahn had been a friend of my husband and it had been one of the most consoling thoughts to know that he was in the same town with us. We had hoped to be able to rely on his support should we have needed it, and now we discovered that he and his wife had passed on before us. Sadly we turned again towards town to take a look whether the Hahn house was still standing and if the rumor was really true. Since our own plundered house was no longer very important to us, we took a good look around us and noticed that the heart of the town around the main square was really completely burnt down, but that the houses toward the outer edge of the town were still fairly intact, just as were our quarters on top of the hill. On the same evening a house was set on fire because of a reprisal and in order to keep the people in fear. One's own home could be the next one to go.

In the Hospital — Rape and Death

The house in which the Hahns had lived was still standing, but devoid of people. Gently we mounted the stairs and opened the living-room door. A deathly sweet odor pervaded the entire room. Everything was desolate and demolished, but on the table were still standing two glasses and nearby lay some pills. By her bed we found Mrs. Hahn, lying on her face, dead! As we turned her over, we caught the most horrifying expression on her features. From the fall she had received a bloody wound. We rolled the heavy body in a carpet and left it lying, as we wanted first of all to inquire about her husband in the hospital up on the hill.

In the hospital where the Sisters were running

about with distraught faces—not even they had been spared the lust of the Russians—we found in an indescribably desolate room, Peter Hahn. In the other three beds were more suicide cases. One of them was gasping his last, another was all blue even to his dangling arms. The third was completely covered up with a blanket. Mr. Hahn lay there, a picture of wretchedness such as I shall never forget as long as I live. The stone floor under the bed was sopping wet, the coat that lay over him hung down in a pool of water. His face was clammy; he couldn't even open his eyes, for the poison had blinded him. And yet he was alive! As he became aware that someone was standing by his bed, and when we told him who we were, he was unmistakably glad that someone had cared enough to search for him. He kissed our hands and whispered to me that I should tell Tom he had always been a good comrade and wanted only the best. Drooping he asked if we knew anything about his wife. When we said she had died, he breathed easier.

Despite our own wretched condition—we hadn't been able to eat for days, since the Russians had meanwhile battered to pieces our hard-earned preserves, and we hadn't been able to sleep at night—we started out once more to his dwelling to try to get a blanket for him. The sight of him in the hospital had been sickening, for whoever had known that man as a fine, stately gentleman would scarcely have been able to identify him in his present condition.

Trailed by a Soviet Who Gets Frustrated

Tired and weak from hunger, we reached my room as darkness was setting in, longing for a bit of rest which, however, awkward footsteps prevented. Like a bolt of lightning we realized that it must be a Russian soldier who had trailed us from the hospital. We still had enough presence of mind to pull open the balcony door and close it behind us as he stormed into the room. He crowed and howled when he found no one in the room, looked under the couch and in the closet—at least so we imagined from the sounds he made. Meantime we squatted half frozen on the icy balcony, expecting any second that he would take it into his head to look out there. For an eternity he trotted around in the house even to the remotest corner of the garret, but finally we heard the house door slam shut. Like a flash we had to slip into the house again lest he see us on the balcony from the outside.

In such anxious moments our hearts literally stood still from fear, and it is hard to believe that we didn't die of fright.

Saving a Friend from a Mass Grave

The next day Helen and I set out to fetch Mrs. Hahn's body. The physical burden of carrying the dead woman inside the carpet down the stairs and placing it in the rack wagon was in itself staggering. I laid the spray of evergreen, which stood in a vase on the table, over the body. Thus through the stream of Russian autos, armed cars, horse-drawn carts and mud, we drove to the graveyard at the end of the town the remains of one who had been such a pampered wife. At the cemetery we found a huge mass grave dug, the number of deaths from suicide

being so high. Also the corpses lying about on the streets had apparently been gathered, so that a huge pile of them lay ready to be shoveled into a common grave. We unloaded the pathetic body and placed it to one side, hoping somehow to be able to procure a coffin from the cabinet-maker. We felt that it would be comforting to poor old Mr. Hahn to know that his wife had a grave of her own. Hahn to I got the last coffin from the shop for seventy Marks, and that afternoon we wearily pulled it along in an old cart and laid the body of the dead woman in it. Those designated by the Russians as grave-diggers had promised us that they would, without fail, dig a separate grave for Mrs. Hahn. With that promise we left the graveyard with a feeling of satisfaction in our hearts.

Three Bolshevik Beasts Ravish Her Friend

The following night Russian soldiers forced their way into the house again and though we ran swiftly downstairs—we were always fully dressed—we did not succeed in reaching the common livingroom. Three youths cut us off and pushed us up the stairs again after beating back Mr. Grebmann, who had tried to help us. Quaking in our boots we decided that our hour had come. There was no longer any way of escape, since the most revolting fellow imaginable, with barber's itch, on which he had smeared white cream, had bolted the door. I tried to convince my partner that I was having my bad days and cried out: *ja balet, ja balet*, which meant, "I sick, I sick." However, he only let me go after he had personally convinced himself of the truth of my statement. But Helen had to suffer her fate on the couch nearby.

Then, blustering and swearing, the three of them went out. Shortly thereafter more heavy steps could be heard approaching on the stone steps in front of the house, and we chased downstairs at a mad run. I had disguised myself again, but Helen had no time to put on her shawl, so her blond hair streamed over her shoulders. The same three ruffians came in again and lighted up all faces present with their flashlights. From fear I had seated myself as close to Mr. Niezer as possible who was half scared to death himself and offered me little protection. This time the brazen fellow with the barber's itch stepped up boldly and accused the landlord of harboring a German officer in the house. He brandished a pistol around and finally pulled Helen up from her chair and threw her out. When she came back in she told how outside in the snow all three had fallen over her.

A Pastor at the Altar Is Shot Down

After that night's experience we firmly decided that we would no longer stay in that house, especially after we learned that the women in the first house in the row, who had until now been our salvation, had taken in Russian officers as permanent guests, so that they would no longer have to fear the roaming hordes. In desperation we thought of the evangelical church committee-man, who lived farther up near the edge of the woods. We hurried to his house. Just as we arrived this dearly beloved pastor was being carried lifeless through the garden gate, while his white-haired wife, chalk white and hysterical, stood at the house-door. He had taken the risk of holding a service in the town for

the consolation of his suffering flock. While at the altar he was shot down from behind.

Miserably depressed, we went back into town, hoping to find an empty corner in the home of Mr. Barend, the baker, whose house had been spared. From all appearances the Russians had their headquarters there; there seemed to be lively activity in the Cafe from which voices and accordion music were issuing forth. We learned from one of the baker's journeymen, who was forced to bake for the Russians, that Barend with his wife and married daughter, who was soon to have a baby, had attempted to flee over the icy lake to a resthouse in the woods, which had not yet been discovered by the Russians. The little group however had hardly started out when they were overtaken by the Russians. Despite the kneeling entreaties of the baker, both women were violated there in the cold and then sent back to town. Through the dreadful excitement the young mother suffered a premature confinement, unattended by a midwife or doctor, and lay with a high fever in the noisy house.

Refuge With a Nazi-Spared Jew

Luckily we soon met Mr. Wendler, whom we knew from eating with us at the same table in the hotel where all the evacuees, who had no kitchen facilities of their own, used to eat. He was standing in front of a mountain of rubble that was once an hotel. When we told him our story, he was at once ready to offer us shelter for the next night. He lived with his family in a former stable of a large estate which from the outside looked more than modest. On the ground floor it revealed only a kitchen and one room, but upstairs it contained two nice rooms which he had furnished tastefully with the furniture he had managed to bring with him from Berlin. From below one could not imagine that the storeroom was likewise habitable, and the Russians so far had not discovered this fact.

Besides, his dwelling and his family enjoyed the protection of the Russian commandatura. Mr. Wendler had represented himself to them as a victim of the Nazi regime, and on the basis of his knowledge of Czech had declared himself a Czech. As a matter of fact, he had been classified as a *Mischling*, Grade I, that is, as a Half-Jew in the Third Reich because his father had been a Jewish manufacturer from Prague and his mother had been Dutch. Since he was manager of a firm manufacturing dental equipment, he had like myself been evacuated from Berlin to the bomb-safer Berbitz.¹

Because he was also competent in the manufacture of technical dental materials, such as crowns and bridges, he had attached himself to the Danish dentist resident in Berbitz. Now he and the dentist were rushed fashioning gold crowns for the healthy molars of the Russians, for every bolshevik soldier who had been able to "requisition" enough gold for himself, ordered at least several gold crowns for himself! It was thanks to this happy idiosyncrasy

1. It appears from this that Half-Jews were not indiscriminately liquidated in the Third Reich, but were under circumstances, if they seemed to be loyal and decent, given responsible and privileged positions like patriotic full-blooded Germans. After the German collapse, however, it was natural for them, when the Allies treated all patriotic Germans as war criminals, to represent themselves as victims of the Nazis, and it was just as natural for the Morgenthauite victors unthinkingly to believe them.

that the family Wendler, as the only ones besides the dentist, did not have their home looted and were given some victuals by the invaders.

Nevertheless, in spite of this, Mr. Wendler thought it wise to keep his sixteen-year-old daughter hidden in the loft. We fetched our blankets from our old quarters, and in Mr. Wendler's house on straw sacks were able to get a night's rest, the first in a long time. We surely needed it.

Ravished Landlady, Crazy, Turns Them Out

Next morning, as I approached our house on the hill, a hostile attitude seemed to meet me on all sides. Our usually dignified landlady was behaving like a fury. In the night three Russians had again been there and ransacked the house looking for us. They had kicked up a terrible row when they could not find us, and demolished the place in a dreadful manner. In the process they had thrown Mrs. Friedel on the floor, disregarding the fact that she held her child in her arms, and abused her in front of all present. If Helen and I weren't going to sleep there at night, we were not going to be allowed to go there during the day. My pale protest that surely we couldn't allow ourselves to be violated in order to spare her house, was not acceptable to her and she threw me bodily out of the door. At the point of despair I packed a big basket with a few possessions, some clothes, and rolled my (fur) coat with the lining turned outside and hung it over my shoulder. When I put Helen wise to the situation, she too packed her only remaining suitcase, the Russians having stolen her other one as well as her valuable astrachen-coat. Her expensive jewelry seemed safer when not on her person, so she had hidden it under some gutter-tiles.

Thus we stood laden down, with the thermometer reading 20 degrees, out on the snowy streets, not knowing where to go. At the moment we felt very much forsaken and outcast, and dragged ourselves wearily from house to house to beg for shelter. No one wanted us, since young women were a fearful burden and hazard for anyone. I left the basket with Mrs. Raff, the doctor's wife, an elderly lady whom I had been friendly with in better times. She was the wife of a lord of the manor whose four large estates lay in the vicinity of Berbitz. The preceding Christmas, Helen and I had celebrated with that lady in a festive and ceremonious manner, and we younger ones, longing for our husbands who were at the front, had read their letters aloud. Now we learned from Mrs. Raff that the Russians had deported her husband and thrown him in a dungeon with many other landed persons, designating them as "capitalists". Beyond that report

We couldn't stay with her because her own dwelling had been burned to the ground and she was living in a nearby villa only by virtue of the kindness of the owners. Therefore we trudged disconsolately on, so weakened by the burden of our rucksack and trunk that we went into old Mr. Saden-schwig's house, of which only the basement was left, and deposited our things with him. No one could of course assume responsibility for them since the Russians spared no dwelling. One hardly knew why one bothered to take one's belongings anyway, since they were certain sooner or later to be pilaged.

As we tramped along from time to time being

submitted to a lingering search for watches or jewelry by the Russians, a sudden thought flashed into my mind. Tom, my husband, before he had been drafted into the service, had had his office in the police court to which the prison was adjoining. I knew the guard from having called on Tom at his work, a Mr. Rotbucher, and recalled many a pleasant chat with him. It occurred to me that he could perhaps let us use one of the prison cells so we could pass the night there undisturbed and under lock and key. To our horror we saw the poor man lying on the ground, cudgeled and scalped. We learned that the Russians had tried to force him to open the safe in Tom's office and refused to believe that Rotbucher really did not have the keys to it. They had tortured and practically martyred him. Under these circumstances we could not stay there, and since it was beginning to grow dusk we crept along, wretched as dogs, to our house on the hill.

Before we got there, however, we saw the Niesers coming towards us, laden with blankets. This couple, formerly on such friendly terms with the landlady, had, like ourselves, been evicted.

Since the Russians in the meantime had smashed or stolen the entire stocks of preserves, the abused and brutalized landlady saw no further advantage for herself and threw the Nieser family out of the house. They had been able to find a place with Clemens, neighbors of Wendlers, on the floor in a room already inhabited by nine persons. As for us, we had no alternative but to go back to Wendlers, and like beggars ask for a place to spend the night.

Hopeless, She Fights Down Thoughts of Suicide

That night, despite the promise of rest, I could not sleep, since the future in all its black uncertainty loomed too dreadful before my eyes. Without home or food, driven about in the bitter cold, exposed to the possibility of rape and entirely dependent on the help of charitable individuals, who likewise could not help indefinitely. I felt I simply could not go on much longer. Only thoughts of Tom and of my family, whom I still hoped to see sometime again, accounted for my will to live, even though I could understand all too well why many of them had taken their lives in the last few days. Before I lay down on my straw sack, I had helped Mr. Wendler to take down the body of a young teacher who had hanged herself on a stove pipe. Perhaps this had shocked me too much, although I had pretty well gotten used to seeing corpses since the arrival of the Russians.

Next morning Mr. Wendler gave me to understand that he had assured the Russian commandatura that he would allow no Germans in his house. He was afraid to jeopardize his own position, especially through the presence of Mrs. Helen Bärwald, who because of her unusual height would certainly be noticed. So Helen and I decided to part. She hoped to try to find room in a temporary shelter with the wife of a business colleague of her husband, and I prepared to go back to Mr. Saden-schwig and fetch my knapsack containing my money and papers.

Just as I got there a band of Polish marauders forced their way in, threatening him at the point of a pistol to hand over his watch, although he had

long ago been robbed of it. Being totally unable to help him, I stole my rucksack from under the noses of those monsters and ran out of the house with it.

The Bolsheviks Round Up Men and Women

At Wendler's house door, Helen nearly knelted me down and yelled at me: "We are being deported. I have to get to the corner of Freudenberg-Allee in two minutes, or I will be shot." We couldn't even shake hands to say good-bye. I quickly threw my blanket to her, then she raced away. Just after that I learned from Mr. Wendler that posters had gone up ordering all employable men and women to be at the main square by 12 o'clock. Who remained behind would be shot.

I still had time carefully to pack my rucksack with toilet articles, a handkerchief, and some change of clothing. I hung my jewelry and money around my neck in a leather bag next to the skin. The other few remaining articles I left at Wendler's. The large trunks and all else had been left in the house on the hill. I realized that I would find little if anything left of my things, should I perchance have the opportunity of searching for them. Many women were caught by the Russians on their way about town and taken to the square. They could neither take leave of their relatives nor take time to fetch anything they might need. Mrs. Wendler cried as I shook hands to say good-bye, for one could hardly hope ever to see one's friends again. She herself as the "wife of a sympathizer" was allowed to stay.

The screaming, wailing, and howling in the square will haunt me the rest of my life. Mercilessly the women were herded together in rows of four. Mothers had to leave tiny children behind. I thanked God from the bottom of my heart that my boy had died in Berlin shortly after birth, though I could scarcely overcome my grief at the time and had temporarily lost all faith in a kindly deity.

Such faith was even harder after seeing the horrors taking place at the moment. How could God look on all these atrocities! Mrs. Raff saw me standing in line and embraced me tearfully. I begged her to carry my greetings to my husband, should she ever see him when the war would be over.

Since most of the men had been deported already, our transport consisted mostly of women. Near me was only one man, horribly thin and emaciated. The carload of wretched victims was then set in motion to the crack of Russian whips. It was foggy and damp, and a drizzling rain swept into our faces. The streets were icy and slippery in many places. The streets were deep in ice water. Before long one of the women collapsed, and being unable to rise, remained lying there.

So we marched along, mile after mile. I had never believed it possible to go so far on foot, but I was so indifferent that I scarcely could think. I just pushed one foot along mechanically after the other. The region was sparsely settled. Probably most of the land belonged to large estates, so that there were houses only at great intervals. Towards evening we reached a town where we were distributed into different homes in groups of fifty. The farm wives, who no doubt had likewise suffered terribly from the Russians, cut up all the bread

they had on hand and gave us generously to eat. In the rooms and along the halls, straw was scattered where we could lie till daybreak.

Early in the morning we had to march further into the gray without goal or hope. Only rarely did we exchange words. Each of my suffering fellow-creatures had enough torment of her own and many had eyes swollen and sore from weeping. My own load, consisting of two blankets in addition to my heavy knapsack, was dreadfully heavy. In my bodice I had sewed a pocket into which I had put all my important identification papers, bank books. Several dear photographs I had placed around my body. In time these things weighed heavy, but they did shield against the cold. I had taken all my belongings with me because I had definitely made up my mind to flee at the first opportunity. Judging from the sound of cannon fire, our train moved toward the front line and I wanted by any means whatsoever to get across to the Germans. At that time I had no way of knowing that there was no longer a regular car side or their side. Individual Russian tanks had pushed forward as far as Kistrin. It was only a question of German combat troops which themselves were probably surrounded.

Russian Plane Riddles Defenseless Women

The fog had lifted, the sun was shining, so that the countryside no longer looked so sombre as earlier in the day. We were just trotting along a treeless, wide road which extended through a bald, level plain, when we were startled by the sound of motors in the air. On the horizon appeared an airplane, which, as it drew nearer, we took for a German plane. Joyous and with renewed hope we beckoned to it. Maybe the crew would see by our colorful head gear that we were German women being led along by lateral moving Russians. Would they report this when they landed, and would the nearest German troops make an effort to liberate us? While such thoughts were racing like lightning through my mind, the plane inexplicably began to dive. Petrified we saw the plane head directly toward us and before we knew it bursts of fire had ripped holes in our ranks. Screaming we leaped into road ditches while the plane made a loop and once more the monster raged over us and fired from its guns unsparringly into the road ditches where already several women were lying bleeding.

Everything happened in a trice and at no moment did I have the feeling that I would be hit, although my neighbor with whom I had just spoken sank to the ground without a murmur.

Of 200 Women Only 16 Were Left

The picture of horror and wailing was indescribable. Many lay dead, others were seriously wounded and stretched out their torn limbs tormented to the marrow. One young girl's back was torn open completely; another was holding her leg, torn to shreds, screaming, "Greet my husband and children for me." Then the Russians returned—they had vanished completely when the planes appeared, a fact I only noticed afterwards. Although we who had survived wanted to stay with the wounded and lay the dead in the ditch next to one another, the Russians came with their knouts and drove us on. The wounded, whom we had to leave lying on the

road just as they were mowed down, cried out to us in the most pitiful manner.

Our numbers had been reduced from 200 to sixteen. I led and aided a young girl whom I had known in Berbitz, who had often waited on me as a salesgirl in the store. She had only suffered a shot through her arm, but was pale as death and could hold herself upright only with tremendous effort. We managed to get to the next town, which was Solden. I knew the town as the junction point for going to the East Sea Bay or to the Polish corridor. But this little town, one time so nice and clean, had been soiled beyond recognition. It was in part destroyed by fire, teeming with Russians, and was almost empty of Germans.

When our guards could not so precisely keep track of us in the confusion of people and vehicles, horse teams and rounded-up cattle, I drew my wounded comrade to a ruin in a side street and started to hunt the hospital. The Russian lazaret was housed in what had been the local government headquarters. Since as a girl I had at one time briefly taken up the study of Russian, I was able to make out the Cyrillic letters and make myself understood with a few simple words. I begged a Russian attendant to take in the wounded girl and advertised with outstretched arms, which were by no means very muscular, my ability to work. I went on the assumption that work in a hospital would by no means be as hard as the digging involved in building an airplane landing place. We had gotten word from one of the watchmen on the march that we were to be used for that purpose. In the meanwhile the other fourteen were coming and I quickly told them of this opportunity. To the Russians in the hospital we appeared useable, and they showed us into a former bath room.

Put to Work in a Hospital

Though we were exhausted and tired, they put us to work immediately. First chore was to remove the frightful dirt from the room, which stank horribly, since the toilet bowl was filled to overflowing. The cleaning was no small task and more than once we had to give up. Since the room was much too small for the fifteen of us, we struggled to remove the tub. Despite the lack of help, we finally managed, thus creating a few more yards of space. In the courtyard some rotting straw lay around which we collected to strew on the stone floor of the room. We had to sleep on it, or rather, spend the night on it. The narrow space could not be enlarged; we lay like herrings in a can. Each one had the other's feet in her face. Since the space by the door was narrower, those last to enter who had only a little place by the door, couldn't even stretch out, but had to sleep sitting propped against the wall. The woman who got the place under the toilet bowl had the most disagreeable position of all, lying around the foot of the bowl and, besides that, having to move every few moments, since nearly all of us were suffering from diarrhoea. When at night someone from the front of the room wanted to get up, all the rest of us had to get up too or else she had to walk over our bodies.

Now my covers and toilet articles stood us in good stead, for scarcely anyone else had anything like that with her. For the most part the people had been rounded up from the street without being

able to make any preparation to leave. Naturally we wore the same clothes, day and night; at first, even washing could not be thought of. My only comb, which made the rounds morning and night, sometimes did not reach everyone. At five in the morning, while it was still pitch black, (in latter February) we had to get up and begin right away to sweep and wipe the rooms. A young Russian student, Stepanik, to whom we later gave the nickname "St. Stefan", because he was relatively nice to us and in the night chased the drunks away from the door, assigned the duties to us. He spoke a little German, was clean, and later on let us even sew a white binding into his uniform lining. I was assigned, among other things, to the three "Officers sick rooms" opposite to our room, which were no different from the other rooms, only that they were smaller. The same stifling air pervaded them—windows were never opened—dirt, insects, human excrement, urine basins, and spit were here just as they were in the enlisted men's quarters. By means of planks provisory stretchers had been built and were placed from one end of the room to the other, bound together by large rugs. On these the wounded were lying next to one another in two tiers.

Wards and Rooms Looked Like Whiskey Dens

On the first morning when with my little Christmas tree candle, of which I had brought several with me, I walked around the sickrooms and saw the conditions, I almost dropped the candle from horror. The picture it revealed to me was fantastically horrid. Hideous Kirgis and Tartar faces stared up at me with dull eyes; one of the men lay totally naked, the other was partly covered with his soldier's coat, another with a tiger skin. Naturally one does not visualize a field hospital as being as hygienic and sterilized as a city hospital with its white lacquered doors and polished floors, but this one resembled a whiskey den. Since there were no narcotics available, or other means of quieting pain, the seriously wounded were given schnaps to dull the pain, so they were practically continually drunk. Naturally they howled and carried on, no one having any consideration for the other. Here lay a badly wounded man, nearby another croaked to the noise of an accordion. A third had requisitioned a gramophone and played uninterruptedly the only record that had not been broken: "O du fröhliche, o du selige, gnadenbringende Weihnachtszeit". It was driving me mad.

Then there were soldiers with faces badly burned, who groped around blindly. It was terrible for me to have to go to such a poor devil and hand him a bottle or the bedpan. When we did not understand right away what they wanted, many of them got angry and threw things at us. Others overwhelmed us with reproach while threatening us with strangely formed clubs and, pointing to badly injured comrades, shouted: "The Germans did that". It was of no use to say that the Russians had done likewise, because if they understood us they became resentfully mad. Some, on the other hand, were grateful if in their pain we let them hold our hand, and would whisper: "O panienka!" One had to be careful, however, not to let the Russian attendants or doctors see this, for we Germans were really there to do exclusively the lowest type of work.

Scarcely had one made the room a bit tidier than

It was just as bad as ever, and one could scarcely conceive in what short a time the Russians managed to pile up mountains of rubbish. These Kirgis, Tartars and even the White Russians hadn't the slightest idea of order and cleanliness, and one could expect even less of them in a wounded condition. They smeared butter in the beds (these had been gradually procured from private homes), threw cheese against the walls, and had munition lying around everywhere. Their clothes they simply threw under the beds. Pussey and bloody bandages lay all over the floor, and expectorations with them. One had to get used to all this at any cost, and after I had had to rush out several times during the first few days to vomit, nothing more, literally nothing of that sort could shock me any more. Why the Russians have to spit continuously I could never comprehend; I am sure that in Germany no one spits all over the house, not even in the simplest families.

Before long every soldier appeared in the finest bed linen, white as snow, with hemstitching and embroidery and one could readily see that these things had been taken from the carefully made dowries of young prospective brides. Soon however these lovely linens degenerated into wretched scrub-rags, until new ones could be procured. Nothing was ever washed. There was too much that could still be taken from German homes. Even in ourselves we experienced a revaluation of things. We polished our dirt-crustated shoes with new embroidered clothes, tore up the finest pieces of linen for handkerchiefs, fetched aprons from abandoned dwellings in the neighborhood, where all the belongings lay yards high around the place. The concept of mine and yours became more and more confused, although not among ourselves. If anyone of us had cared to collect gold, silver, or jewelry, it would have been easy. These primitive soldiers played during the day with the most costly ornaments and especially with gold watches that they had stolen and let them carelessly fall down and stay there when they went to bed. One such fellow one time gave me two handfuls of silver coins to buy a new dress. Another gave me a bolt of lovely dress material.

Of what use were these, however? In the first place, one had no interest in such things, and in the second place they would be stolen away before long anyway. All superfluous belongings were in the face of existing circumstances so much ballast. We took only that of which we had immediate need or required to work with.

We took hot water from the bathroom and to fetch it we had to carry it across the muddy black courtyard. This task was always a fearsome undertaking, because anything could happen on the way. One had to go past the latrines where there were always several soldiers sitting and one was exposed to filthy accusations. In the other building there was a kind of steam bath from where we fetched the hot water. The first time, I suffered a shock when I came upon some 30 odd stark naked men dabbling around in the steaming room. But one gets used to anything in time.

Some time later several of our women were assigned to the main building where the soldiers had individual beds. All lay entirely nude. Apparently the Russians never heard of nightshirts. There I learned of many strange diseases. Individual Asia-

tica had growths on the abdomen the size of a baby's head. Even in this section of the hospital which was somewhat better equipped, there was no semblance of order. The women doctors appeared quite energetic and one got the impression that they were well trained and knew their job, but the soldiers showed no respect. Whether a doctor or a higher officer was in the room did not disconcert them in the least. The soldiers sang, quarreled, argued, or drank; or, if one of them felt pretty good, he might dance a *krakowiak* in squatting position. Others lay on their beds with glassy eyes and seemed oblivious of all around them.

Since all the steers and hogs in the vicinity were killed without discrimination, there was always plenty to eat and in this respect we couldn't complain. In the first few days the most of us couldn't eat very much because we had to fetch the food in the same buckets in which we wrang out the scrub cloths with which we had washed the filthy floors. I decided however that unless I ate well, I could not stand the unusually heavy work, so I laded my food from the middle of the bucket. The food was much too heavy for me. In the mornings we had a fatty soup with big chunks of bacon fat, whereas we should have been better off with some tea or coffee. Personally palatable for us was a kind of tea, very sweet, made of fruit, mostly raisins. The first time we drank it, it was dark in the room and we took the raisins to be flies!

As time wore on, I was allowed to go with Marianne, my seventeen-year-old protégée, a delicate timorous girl, to work in the kitchen. In charge was a Polish girl with lots of bracelets and rings on, who directed things with much arrogance. We two Germans of course were allowed only to wash up, but often we did get something to eat. The Russians never ate their plates clean, so that there was something left on every plate, and was emptied into a vat set aside just for that purpose. Every day this vat full had to be thrown out. How many hungry Germans could have been fed from it! How many stood daily outside the fence and begged for a piece of bread!

Thus day by day we had to do the hardest type of work, and it was late at night before we finally got to bed, where we still got no rest. Every night the whole Russian outfit got drunk on Vodka and carried on as if it were a robber's den or a brothel. We had forced a garden rake against the door-latch and listened, wide-awake, leaning on one another with palpitating heart. The Russians fetched themselves girls from the town when evening came, but the worst drinking bouts were held with the Polish women who came to the house. In the beginning they wanted to get into our quarters, but Stepanik and another decent Russian, Igor, led the drunken ones away from us. Naturally they could not grasp the fact that we German women didn't want to sleep with them. They took it as a matter of course and thought nothing wrong in it. Stepanik made the suggestion on another occasion that we should each take one of the empty beds in the room where the wounded slept — he felt sorry for us wedged in together in the narrow bathroom. He could not understand why we declined this offer and why we preferred to remain perched together in our crowded quarters, where we had the protection of numbers.

The Anguish of Hopelessness

Worst of all during the whole experience were the feelings of hopelessness which did not even leave me at night. When I lay there propped against the wall, unable to close my eyes, thoughts rushed to my mind which during the day the work helped to distract. How long was this forced labor to continue? Would the Germans come to release us? How would it end? Where was my dear Tom? What was my mother doing, my sister? Was the war almost over? Had Berlin fallen? Was our position standing yet or had it too been reduced to rubble?

The women who came from Berbitz often cried themselves sick at nights in their anguished yearning for home and their forsaken dear ones; their only desire was to go back. I knew, though, that no one was waiting for me in Berbitz, at the most hunger, and I never wanted to return there. In vain I nudged my brain for an escape. More than anything I should have liked to leave Solden and head west, toward what I thought was the front. With every roar of cannon I nurtured the hope that the Germans would soon return, but always in vain. During the day, however, I kept up, shied away from no chore, were it ever so disgusting, and thus kept up the sinking courage of my comrades. When a Russian came in, I asked, for example, "What do you want, plaster-head?" for he couldn't understand me anyway, and such quips caused me to be thought witty and brave. But had my companions only been able to see inside of me, they would have seen how really hopeless and planless I felt.

The Hospital Breaks Up

Three months must have gone by when we awoke one morning to discover that all the wounded had been removed during the night and only one officer with a few soldiers had remained behind. It was made known to us that we must go back to where we had come from and not in the opposite direction. Heavy-hearted I joined the group, knowing that I could never make the grade alone through that desolate territory, especially with Russians and all other kinds of questionable persons roaming about. The railroad track had been partially dismantled and I felt as if I were in an entirely different world, cut off from all civilization, in a kind of desolate no-man's land. Since I was only by accident of circumstance in this land east of the Oder I felt no inner attachment to it and in daydreams my native Bavaria seemed like a lost Paradise to me. Were there still people who could sit congenially around a coffee table or go to the theater of an evening or to a concert? Were there still Sundays with the sound of bells, festive people, and ceremonious religious services? So I mused while our little group of people trotted, wan and sickly looking, along the frozen street till we came to the spot where death had reaped such a bountiful harvest. It really couldn't be possible and still it was so: there lay the corpses frozen solid—forms that even in death had been violated in the most horrible way. They lay there partly exposed, their knees spread apart, copulated with iron bars or wooden sticks. Horrified and turning away, we hurried past. I

shall probably never in all my life forget this ghastly scene.²

My nerves were still atremble when a mile farther on a truck stopped short near us. In the front seat, accompanied by a driver, was an officer with blue-black hair and black eyes, who looked very dangerous. The Russian picked me up in a commanding tone to get up on the back of the truck. I acted as if I had not understood and walked calmly on, though inside I was full of fear. He must have shot off his gun jerkily behind me, because from the right and left of my head shots whizzed past. Nevertheless I went unflinchingly on. At that point it made no difference to me whether I was hit or not. He jumped down in a rage, ran after me and hit me a blow on the shoulder with the pistol. My comrades called fearfully to me not to resist and I decided to let myself be dragged into the truck. When my knees almost gave way, Mrs. Kaiser helped me onto the high truck, offering me her shriveled hands in support. This she ought not to have done, because the driver then pushed her up after me. Scarcely had we gotten on than the truck rushed away and we could only wave to the little band who had offered us what little security we had known in a long time.

A shelter half was lying on the track from which blood was trickling out. We couldn't in the least imagine what was going to happen to us. But at the very first neglected-looking house, the truck turned into the courtyard, the Russians jumped off and threw us a huge, bloody goose, which had been lying under the cover. I couldn't remember ever having seen a bird with such a wide wing-spread. The house was completely empty downstairs. In the kitchen stood a dirty range without coils or bake-oven. We had neither wood, nor matches, nor even a pot or a knife. So I went out to the Russians and asked for drows, knustulja, spitch, and poschik. He had already noticed that something was going on in the house, and he immediately shot in one of the windows. Frightened, a Polish woman looked out. He ordered her to bring the necessary utensils. With the bayonet of the other Russian we attacked the goose, and at the cost of much

2. Let any American reader cannot believe such bestiality of our dear Bolshevik land-lords when reported by a German writer, I quote an American report. The Rev. Francis Thompson had been a prisoner of war in the German camp in Neubrandenburg. In April, 1945, as the Germans retreated and Russians entered, the camp was dissolved. In the American Ecclesiastical Review (March, 1947), Father Sampson, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes:

"An old French priest-prisoner later aided me to go downtown with him. . . . Regarding the women, we were still shocked beyond words by what we saw. Just a few yards into the woods from the camp we came across a ditch that I shall never forget. Several German girls had been raped and killed; some of them had been strung up by their feet and their throats slit. Some Americans had told me about this, but I had found it too difficult to believe" (p. 321).

Who gave these Russian beasts the power to ravish the women of Christian Europe? Father Sampson writes, ". . . almost every piece of equipment that we saw the Russians use was American."

A schoolteacher, native-born citizen of Bavaria, Helene Gering, who happened to suffer the Russian invasion of Berlin, writes, ". . . but whether this death came before or after did not matter: the rape took place, and more often than not, with a line of soldiers impatiently waiting their turn" (Catholic Digest, Aug. 1946, p. 72). After describing the brutality, the "needless killings, lust, rape," she too noted: "They had American tanks, cars, trucks, planes, food and ammunition." When will the Unconditional Surrender and annihilation? When will the Unconditional Surrender who like to talk about reparations and war crimes trials begin to indemnify the millions of Christian women their pro-Soviet and un-Christian policies had caused to be raped?

energy, plucked the bloodstained feathers. I could never have managed it alone, for I had never before in my life received a goose in full feathers in the kitchen. Together we slung the big bird over the highly flaming range fire and threw it, salted down, into a large pot of hot water.

We knew that the huge fowl would need long to cook in order to be savory. Nevertheless the two Russians were already pacing up and down in front of the door, waiting for supper. Meanwhile our comrades had neared, and the Russians forced them to make a halt at our house where they would spend the night. As it was already beginning to get dark, the other women went upstairs and crouched down in the dirty room where the Polish family was living. Mrs. Kalsar, who had surmised what we were in for, had crept into the farthest corner in the darkness among the others, so I had to go down alone from time to time and look after the goose.

Her Turn to be Ravished by One of "Our Lend-Lease Pals" Has Come

Just as I had finally decided to leave the goose to its own fate and had wrapped myself in my coat, drawing my scarf down over my face to avoid recognition, the big black Russian appeared in the doorway and angrily called to me, the panienka, who was supposed to be preparing the goose. At first I stood there breathless, but as he went down the row and began to tear off the scarves from each one's head, I stood up, lighted a Christmas-tree candle, which I always had at hand, and went down the stairs. The Russian followed me slowly and with measured step and I could long afterwards still recall hearing the stairs creaking at each of his heavy stomps, while I had already reached the kitchen and all alone was trying to lift the goose out of the boiling water. When he finally stood next to me I played innocent and handed him the candle so I could see to work. He took it and there in the gleam of the candlelight I realized what he was planning. He led the candle to his lips and almost cautiously blew it out. Then he grabbed me around the waist and carried me into a nearby room, where an iron bedstead was standing, with a bundle of rage on it. Now my unescapable hour had come—all my stuttering and pleading did not daunt him!

A Beast Ravishes Little Marianne Too

Since the room was right next to the entrance I heard a car driving up and more Russians entering the house. I then begged him imploringly that he should not let the other Russians touch me. He understood and kept his promise. How I got upstairs again, I cannot remember. There I held little Marianne close to me and tried to conceal her. One could almost hear the anxious hearts beating as the general noise of the men got louder; soon the door was torn open. Several flashes of light from flashlights traveled over the lowered faces along the four walls and laughing loudly the Russians shouted obscenely at each other. We crouched like rabbits in a little pen, not being able to escape, and the only had to grab us. In the room outside a candle light was burning and there was excitement. Apparently the newcomers had brought a lot of alcohol with them, for one could hear a continuous slurping from the bottles, and Polish women laughing and flirting jokingly with the soldiers. One of them

must have been crazy, having taken white bed sheets, wrapped herself in them and rocked a little doll in her arms, feeding it the while with a spoon. The whole picture made an unreal, gruesome impression on me and I had the feeling as if the night boded something horrible. Then the inferno began. One after the other burst into the room and with his flashlight sought out the victim most pleasing to him. All the crying out, pleading and defending, was useless,—one after the other was dragged off to the pile of hay near the stairs. It was frightful as a gigantic fellow tore little Marianne from my arms, who had stood with her head pressed into my shoulders. She was trembling all over and screamed pitifully as the ruffian tore her away. Beside herself, she threw herself at his neck, embraced him and pleaded with him in a way that would have softened stones. Just then, as the black Russian appeared in the doorway, I implored him on my knees to leave Marianne alone, but he only laughed and declined to help. Then the giant lifted the girl up over his head, twirled her around several times in a circle and then raced out the door with her. When she finally returned she was moaning to herself and looked wildly upset.

The Little Band Reaches Berbitz Again

After this long night of horrors we started out again on the march. The Russians had already departed. We crept slowly along; my rucksack weighed like lead on my back, for I had lost much weight in the meantime and was very weak. In a wooded section a Russian cavalcade stormed past and I recognized as the leader the black Russian of the previous night, riding an unsaddled horse. At every cow-path a troop of Muschiks came toward us on bicycles (right after the invasion they had confiscated all the bicycles from the houses and learned to ride them, something which they got a great kick out of) and searched us thoroughly for watches and jewelry.

All along the way lay numbers of dead horses and now and again frozen human cadavers. Tired to death and exhausted we finally got to the outskirts of Berbitz. It teemed with Bolsheviks, vehicles and horses. A carriage with three-span of horses tore racingly down the steep hill by the factory while the driver bore down harder and harder on the horses, and it seemed a miracle that the animals didn't plunge to their death. The Russians ride and drive like fury and usually have three-span of horses. Every single one of our group was spiritless and apathetic. Each one took the direction of her former homestead. I myself felt so lonely and despairing as never before, in the midst of the loud turmoil, and reeled almost giddily down the main street without knowing where I should go. Apparently I did get fairly well past the market-place, for Mr. Wendler found me unconscious on the little bridge over the creek. His wife Betty gave me some bouillon and then laid me on a wonderfully soft sack of straw in their house, where I slept long and refreshingly. Helen Bärwald had not yet turned up, though she was reported to have been put to work at digging on the airfield, a daily grind of eighteen hours.

Her Former Dwelling Occupied by Poles

Next day I climbed with great reluctance to our former dwelling in the villa "Berghöf" to take a

look at my effects. A Polish flag was flying from the house, this time instead of a white one, and I had a feeling that the whole place was under occupation. So it was. As I opened the door to our parlor, one time so lovely and comfortable, living room, one time so lovely and comfortable, sixteen pairs of strange eyes stared at me. On a couch lay an elderly man, apparently dying; on a mattress in front of him were several families with small children, covered with quilts; my dishes were standing around, used; several women had my dress on, so that I now owned only the dress on my back. I excused myself for walking in on them and back. I explained that that was actually my residence. That, however, was of interest to no one; they soon turned away and resumed what they were doing previously.

In our bedroom, opposite the vestibule, three Polish women were living, who likewise considered my things their own and who cursed me when I tried to look into our rooms. Finally I went up to the attic to take a look at the trunks, but without building any hopes. The trunks were there all right, torn open and emptied of their contents, which lay strewn around. Involuntarily I gathered together the remnants and put them back in. The trampled photos of mama and Tom I put in my pocket.

As I glanced thru the garret window I noticed that over by the edge of the woods, opposite our street, new Russian trucks had driven up and better-looking Russians, apparently officers, had gotten out. In the house-vestibule I met Frau Grehmann, who had tried to catch forty-winks and was awakened by the noise of the trucks. Only the night before she and her husband were forced out of bed and all the younger women in the house were violated by the Russians. Apparently Frau Grehmann had lost a good bit of her spirit and courage, for she recounted these events in an almost resigned way. While we were talking, three Russians with rank of higher officers, entered the house. The one spoke fluent German. He regretted, he said, that he must carry out his duty as a soldier, but the order had been given to clear out the house in a half hour's time. Once again a wall went up and a feverish activity was begun. First I tried to help the sick man into his clothes and then helped carry him down the stairs and up onto a rack-wagon. Then baby-carriages with nursing infants had to be taken out of the house. I wanted, too, if possible, to rescue my own trunks, some blankets, and anything else I could snatch together. Quickly I ran into the attic again, where Helen had hidden her valuables, but I couldn't find a trace of them anywhere. Unfortunately, having no cart, such as the others had, I had to tie everything up in the blankets and leave it on the street.

Precisely one half hour later the houses were closed up by the Russians and all that remained in them was consequently lost to its owners. For Grehmanns and for me it was a terrible blow. Prior to the invasion of the Russians on the 28th of January, 1945, we had made sure to hide in a small attic room those things which meant most to us. The little room was cleverly built in the wall in such a way that only a skilled architect could have discovered it. The door to this room had been concealed by a large linen closet on the second floor and to this day, despite the fact that Russians were constantly raiding the place, they had apparently had no suspicion of the existence of this hidden room. Now, however, that officers were to take up permanent residence in the house, it was obvious that

the concealment would not last much longer. Or Tom's and my things, that little room contained seven trunks with all his clothing, shoes, good linens, camera, sewing machine, typewriter, bicycles, vacuum cleaner, paintings, and many other valuables. The other half of the room was filled with Grehmann's things — Mr. Grehmann had been in China at one time for 20 years and had brought all sorts of valuable collector's pieces back with him. In single stages I dragged into town both trunks, the blankets and a heavy chest with silverware in it, belonging to Helen, and which had thus far been of no interest to the Russians. I asked a young Russian to look after the things which I had to leave temporarily while taking the first load to town, and I thought that by appealing to his sense of honor he might refrain from looting the things. As I returned, sure enough the bundle was there, but the Russian had disappeared.

Returning to the Old Refuge

It was more than embarrassing to me to have to burden the Wendlers with my belongings in addition to my own self, inasmuch as there was hardly any room left. But I had no other choice. Since I did not want to appear at the door with two trunks, I temporarily left the larger lacquered leather suitcase behind the little house near the brook. But as I cast a look back there through the kitchen window, I saw a band of tattered female figures already standing around and helping themselves to the contents. Despite Mr. Wendler's warning I ran out, but the women disappeared with my clothes and the men with Tom's last suit. The lovely picture on silk of my beloved Bavarian mountains along with some photos of my family glimmered through from the bed of the creek, where they had been thrown by the rowdies.

From that day on I had a place of refuge with Betty and Bernard Wendler. I can safely say that through them my life was saved. They took me in although they themselves did not know where they would glean their next meal. In the beginning Betty had had some supplies on hand and her husband got an entire loaf of brown bread daily from the Russians for his work. There were seven persons in the house, the Wendlers and their two children, Ruth, 16, and Mary, 7; and an elderly lady named Kettler and her 18-year-old daughter, Hilda, who had likewise been driven from their home and in extreme need had begged for shelter. The Kettlers had to provide for their own board—they still had a sack of oats and some flour, but that wouldn't last long.

Since I had brought no food with me, I often had to make precarious trips to deserted barns or collapsed basements to scrounge something decent together. I managed to find some potatoes and frozen cabbages, which gave me a feeling of having made some recompense for the inestimable hospitality.

The little building, one time a stall, which Mrs. Wendler had remade into a dwelling because of the housing shortage, had now become my home, and I was eternally grateful for it. The Wendler family had taken me for "better or for worse" into their family circle and I was given a so-called "air-raid bed", that is, a wooden frame with a straw-sack, set up in the downstairs bedroom, where Mr. Wend-

ler and Fran Kettler had their quarters. Mrs. Wendler slept with three girls in the upper two rooms for security's sake, which were accessible only by an unpretentious attic stair.

The narrow kitchen space downstairs with its primitive furnishings made a completely proletarian impression, and in the neighboring room there slept, as the Russians thought, five persons, so that the courtyard garrison, which came to us with all its requests, had nothing to criticize about our standard of living, which was familiar to the Russians from home.

Once a German-speaking Russian said to Mr. Wendler: "You want to be a proletarian and yet you have Knips-knips", by which he meant electric light switch. The electric light in every house seemed to the Russians to be the pinnacle of luxury. Since their arrival, however, there was no current, because the electric plant had been destroyed. My bed, which at the same time was my only place to sit down, was located directly in front of the window which overlooked the large four-cornered square, so that I always had the goings on of the occupying troops before my eyes. In the front building, a large house with three stories, the Russian command staff was quartered, while the cellar of that building was used for all the unhappy souls whom the Russians for some reason or other incarcerated. They were the so-called capitalists, the lords of the manor of the surrounding country, the party-members who had been denounced, men who had held some public office or other, and war invalids who obviously had "committed the crime of fighting against the Russians". The Russians couldn't realize that in Germany, too, army service had been compulsory, and that these poor war invalids had surely not volunteered to march against the enemy."

Death to German Officials, Jail or Violation to Hitler-Youth Girls

In these so-called GPU-cells the colleagues of my husband, employed in other departments of the ministry, had been thrown. They had transferred their offices to the Kurhaus of Berbitz and until the arrival of the Russians had escaped military duty. I thanked the Lord every day that Tom was not one of them, for even if I did not know where he was or even whether he was still alive, at least I could be certain that he had not fallen into Russian hands. These colleagues were later dragged off to Russia, and were never heard of again. The husband of Mrs. Raff, fourfold lord of the manor, was forgotten during the change of troops, and died a miserable death of starvation. Young women, who had belonged to the Hitler-youth organization were likewise thrown into the cellar and all night long one could hear the screaming, crying, and moaning, which drove us nearly mad, specially since we could do nothing to help.

We, who were barely tolerated merely because of the alleged Czech nationality of the Wendler family, were never allowed to go across the courtyard at the front gates of which stood armed Russian guards, but had rather to use the rear exit over the bridge. No one left the house without urgent cause, as women were still being kidnapped and taken to work camps. Since I had to go out frequently to scrounge for food, I had to put up a bold front. Nevertheless it was not seldom that a grizzly Mon-

golian beckoned from a doorway or a barn and called: "Fran komm!" Nearly all the Russians knew these two German words. I was allowed to take little Mary with me from time to time, as she offered a certain protection, for strangely enough, I often have seen hardened bandits take a child in their arms and kiss it, and of course Russians love children very much. A six-year-old child of a friend of mine was able literally to keep her mother supplied with bread through kisses to the Russians. To be sure, 11- and 12-year-old girls were regarded by them as women and many of them were raped.

Noblewomen, Grandmothers Violated by the Alger Hiss Protages

Despite all hazards I preferred to venture onto the street so as to do something useful, to ask if Helen Barwald had returned, or to inquire if the Countess Schachwitz and her 80-year-old mother were still living in their castle. The 60-year-old Countess was abused fifteen times and even her mother was not spared. She did the wash for the Russians in return for her meals. Young attractive Mrs. Wagner, who met me with her little son Harold, told me that she had tried to keep track of her Russian "admirers". She counted as far as fifty-one and then erased the count, and now she no longer kept track of them. Her attractive-looking mother had counted forty and then stopped. She knew no way out any more. For the moment she had one permanent Russian, but sooner or later his transfer would again expose her to promiscuous abuse.

I didn't have nerve enough to go to the Kurhaus, a half hour further into the woods, although I was very curious how it looked now. In this Kurhaus were some of the other departments of the Berlin ministry to which Tom had belonged, and upstairs were the rooms of the stenographers and secretaries. There were always two girls to one room and I could well imagine what they had to endure out there in the woods. Some days later I met two of the secretaries from out there who were living in Berbitz while trying to contact the commandant. As soon as the Russians discovered the Kurhaus they made a brothel of it.

The girls tried every way possible to keep the boys off their necks. Two acquaintances of mine had procured lysol, soaked their bedclothes in it and hung them up in the room. They hoped in this manner to feign venereal disease of serious nature. For a while this trick worked. Then a Russian Officer took them into custody and by placard ordered protection of the house. Six days later however, Russian tanks arrived and when they were warned of the order of the commandatura, they said it didn't apply to them, that they were ordered to come there! And as a matter of fact they had the very names of some of the girls and visited only those, so the young women in the Kurhaus were compelled because of a lack of food to take Russians into the house, otherwise they would have completely starved.

Hunger Keeps Creeping Up

Again and again I thanked God that I had it so good and could live under protection of the commandant. That was fortune in misfortune. To be sure it wasn't overly pleasant; quarrels ensued daily between Kettlers and Wendlers and got so bad that

finally Wendler had to evict them. The main bone of contention was the food question. Mrs. Kettler scarcely had any supplies left and looked enviously at the stewpots of Mrs. Wendler. We had just scraped some food together by gathering up the calves heads left from slaughtering on the meadow behind the house. Mr. Wendler and I skunk out to the spot with knives, cut out the tongues and all edible head meat. We divided the rations evenly and by evening all that was left was dry bread crust with possibly a little bit of syrup. Another reason why my own dependent situation let itself be clearly felt were Mrs. Wendler's rather pessimistic remarks, such as: "Mary, have you had enough?" and I felt dreadful at the thought that through my presence the child did not get enough.

Because of the persistent scenes of Mrs. Kettler, it was disgusting to me to remain in the kitchen, so that I preferred to stay in my room, ice-cold as it was, and write my diary. I hoped in that way to bridge over my intense sadness and to relieve in some measure my burdened spirit. Therefore I daily entrusted my cares and sorrows to the waxen-lined pages of my day-book. I went on the hope that Mr. Wendler could possibly get the book through some day to my husband, in the event that I should not survive this terrible experience. Thus he would know what I had endured, that I had never forgotten him, and that I thought lovingly of him every day.

The Diary Begins

I began my record on March 7, 1945, and the following is taken from it verbatim:

3. 7. 45. This afternoon Helen Bärwald returned. She looked wretchedly exhausted, her hair hung gray and straggly and she had become dreadfully thin, so that one could see every muscle on her body. She had been compelled to work at the same landing field every day, loading stones on a truck and push them to the building place. The night shift worked by floodlight. The whole work crew slept in a sheep stall next to the sheep, where at least it was warm. Almost all the women had gonorrhea, and the lack of any hygienic facilities led to an indescribable filth. Helen was sent back solely because she was incapable of working any more. She stood literally tired to death from a 40 Km. trek, like a beggar at the hosedoor, and had severe pain from the pus oozing from her toes. Despite her condition Mr. Wendler had to send her away after giving her a loaf of bread, because he feared for the safety of his family should he allow any Germans in the house. I had the fortune to be looked upon as a sister of Mrs. Wendler. It made me wretched to see Helen go on in her condition especially since I could give her no tip as to where she might be safe.

Neither could I go with her because our "court-yard Russians" had just brought in a live goose which we were to prepare for their evening meal. Since the kitchen stove was small and unsuited for larger roasts, it took quite a while until such a bird was ready. Nevertheless six Russians had already seated themselves at the table in anticipation, drinking the vodka. It meant for us at least a meal from the leavings and we wasted no time in ladelling off the fat and preparing the entrails, head, neck and giblets for the next day. It was my job to entertain the group as well as possible — and one of

them who knew a little German from having worked for Germans in the Baltic region, kept sidling up nearer to me and asking: "You love me?" I had the nerve to worry about him, however, because I had the protection of being with Wendler where nothing could happen to me, so I constantly refused. The big, ungirth fellow was a blacksmith in civilian life, famous among his comrades as having terrific strength, and every few sentences he shouted: "Ach, Scheissgeg!" We could hardly get rid of the Russians and when they finally left and we had lain down to rest, "Scheiss-geg!", as we called him, started rattling the door and wanted to sleep with us. It was all Mr. Wendler could do to dissuade him.

Helen Beaten and Violated; Also a Girl of Twelve

3. 8. 45. This morning I prepared to search for Helen and after some inquiry located her at Mrs. Müller's, an elderly active lady who together with her 91-year-old mother and a few other Germans was living in a room in the only undamaged house in the Freudenbergallee. In the other room Polish people and all other manner of foreigners had established themselves. The house is exposed to the constant traffic of the Russians, being the first house in the village on the road between East and West. One hasn't as much as an hour's rest there.

During the night Helen was subjected to a horrible experience, despite her weak and miserable condition. She was torn up from her bed by the Russians and when she cried out they tore chunks of hair from her head and bashed in her face till it was black and blue. When the second detachment entered the house, she hid behind the draperies, was discovered and dragged forth and again disgracefully abused. A twelve-year-old girl was likewise maltreated during the night.

I had brought Helen something to eat, but she felt so wretched that she could hardly enjoy anything. She was completely exhausted and almost at the end of her endurance. I could scarcely console her myself, and could only tell her what a tremendous source of sorrow it would be for her husband if he should never see her again. If Dr. Bärwald and in fact the husbands of the other women here in Beritz should have imagined what was happening, they would scarcely have survived the thought.

Rescue from the German side is likewise out of the question. I thought I was hearing Sphärenmusik as artillery shooting was perceptible. A massacre must have been raging nearby. We had our knapsacks packed to take to the woods in the event of a German advance, but it was evidently checked, and our hopelessness began anew.

3. 9. 45. At the moment it is very dangerous on the street as raids are going on and people being kidnapped for all sorts of purposes. A poster has gone up that all women with venereal disease must procure from a Russian doctor a statement to that effect and produce same on request.

That is a blow for the healthy ones, since it makes the number of women available to the Russians much smaller.

Politics, Language, Primitive Vandalism

At night when we are lying in bed, Mr. Wendler goes into dissertations on the causes of the war,

politics and economics and I hear them from an entirely different standpoint than hitherto. He is very intelligent and well-read, but talks to me in such a way as to make me responsible for the whole national socialist hypnotism. Naturally I listen patiently, and it does me good, for that matter, to entertain new thoughts, otherwise I brood about the misery I am in and long for a more regulated life, for Tom and for Germany "on the other side of the Oder."

3. 10. 45. Last evening more of the Russians from the courtyard came into our dwelling, drank a little and then supposedly went on night duty. Later one of them returned — Viktor. He had an empty notebook and wanted to learn some German words. We took great pains with him while he wrote down several German words and expressions, and I wrote down the corresponding Russian equivalents. Viktor looked well-kept, had a nice face, and one could see he was no laborer. We learned that he was a high-school teacher in S. Russia, and we talked with him about the living conditions and income in Russia. In the night a Russian banged loudly on the door in such a way that we sensed some foreboding horror. However, it was only tooth trouble. Mr. Wendler was called to go to a soldier who was bleeding from a tooth extraction. The Russians thought he was a dentist — just by luck, he knew a bit about technique. He is pretty clever anyway, and if I live through this experience, it is only because of him.

Many times I seem to myself like a picture cut from the frame and left lying somewhere. This cannot go on indefinitely.

Ruth and Hilde, the two young girls, are in the attic for almost 6 weeks now, and dare move about only lightly and carefully so the Russians don't find them. They can no longer sleep and are getting stout from the complete lack of motion.

One of the Russians had just torn down the last bit of garden fence so as to let the horses and wagons be pushed right up close to our windows. They also cut down some bushes, not being able to stand seeing anything entire or whole; everything must be laid waste, only then do they seem happy.

5. 11. 45. Today I returned a borrowed blanket to the neighboring house and met there Mrs. Nieser, as well as the Grebmann's and other acquaintances. There were about thirteen or fourteen hunks next to one another on the floor. On one was lying the wife of the assistant school master, Mr. Born, gravely ill. Mrs. Glaske, wife of the senior judge, in answer to my inquiry, told me that her husband, without being able to take his leave of her, was taken right from the cellar and deported to Russia. All Nazi party members had been deported there.

Housing Desperation

In Mrs. Müller's house, where Helen had to remain for better or for worse, all Germans had been chased from their rooms and were now living in the kitchen in wretchedly crowded conditions. The room itself had been taken over by the Russian officers and their "ladies". Helen was glad that I came to take her with me to the T. street on the hill, since I had heard that the houses up there had been "de-requisitioned." When we got there it looked worse than the last time; nevertheless we tried to rescue

some of our things from the chaos. Above all I wanted to find out if it was possible to get my couch down to Wendler's. While we were still in the house however, seven Russians arrived and set up their quarters there. They demanded food from us. One of them, who spoke German, remained in the entry way and asked where my husband was. When I answered: "In a Russian prison camp", he replied that I might take with me all I wanted. However, I took only a pillow from the floor and asked if I might fetch some potatoes from the cellar. Meanwhile an officer appeared, sent Helen out of the house, and required me to go with him into what had formerly been Grebmann's living room. He closed the door behind me and I was again in fear, but all he wanted of me was to decipher what was written on the half empty bottle standing on the table. It was Chartreuse and I had to drink from it so that the "Gentleman" could see that the contents was not poisoned. All of them were afraid of hidden men with weapons or of other possible attacks on their life.

It is rumored that the front was now nearing Arnswald on both sides, but no one knows the real truth. Day and night supplies are rolling in that direction, gigantic tanks and guns on trucks. No one can resist this roller.

3. 12. 45. During the forenoon two little girls, 7 and 9 years old, came crying at the door. They had to seek shelter elsewhere because the lady who had cared for them till now won't keep them any longer. That morning her husband had been deported because an old hunting gun had been found in his possession; he was to be shot. Shortly thereafter three young girls from Wendler's firm knocked at the door, hoping he could take them in. They were tired to death, completely exhausted, having returned ill from forced labor.

Imploringly they sought a place to stay; they had nowhere to go. Just what I myself had been through that time! They all had to leave again without solace or consolation. I couldn't control a fit of convulsive sobbing and afterward dreadful headache, so that I had to lie down. I was hoping that I had not gotten some infectious sickness or still worse, — I had such a funny feeling inside! God forbid that I give birth to a little "Ivan", or that the "Revolver-hero" from the journey that time had infected me with some other evil. I no longer feel right physically. That would be the worst I could imagine! My fits of spiritual depression increase all the time. If only one could escape this misery. At night, nightmares that my hands swell up. And I remember with terror that I underwent such symptoms during my first pregnancy!

"Viktor" Proves to be a Beast, Too!

3. 12. 45. Yesterday something dreadful happened! The security of this house was broken and I must once more leave. But whither? The situation is hopeless.

Toward eight in the evening our scholar "Viktor, the Ukrainian", who had inquired about some German expressions a couple of days before, called. He was back from a trip cross-country and brought us a live goose in a sack, a piece of pork, and some sugar. At first everything went smoothly; he seemed very well collected and conversed in a lively tone with Mr. Wendler. But while he talked, he kept looking over in my direction, which I tried to avoid, but at the same time we thought he meant no harm.

About 10 o'clock I thought I heard the words "Spasj panienka", whereupon Mr. Wendler immediately answered with "nice and njet". Mrs. Wendler and I shook hands with the guest to say "Goodbye", and I shook hands with the bedroom, hoping he too would leave. But he had something else in mind! From nearby there suddenly resounded a vehement ex-change of words, and we overheard with horror that he unconditionally demanded of Mr. Wendler that I sleep with him.

He and his wife, as "Ozochs" would not be molested, but the German, the "Njemka", must go with him, otherwise war! Previously he had elicited from Wendlers through clever questioning, that I was not related to them. Mr. Wendler tried his utmost through all manner of persuasive powers, but it was to no avail, he was forced to come and get me. As I entered the kitchen with Betty, the Russian demanded of the couple rather brusquely that they go away and leave me with him. No trembling, nor trepidation nor even tears could help. He had already maintained that I looked more Russian than German, and apparently he had fallen in love with me, as he kissed me very passionately and was most tender. But all this only led up to his extinguishing the candle. He thought it especially decent of himself to take precautions that I should not have to fear having a child by him.

Afterwards I brought him with great difficulty to the door because he wanted to sleep the whole night with me!

Mr. Wendler was terribly upset at not being able to protect me in his own house but the Russian threatened to report him to the Commandatura for having a German woman in the house. He was alleged to have said: "You live with two women, — what you can do, I can too." Upon reassurance that he was mistaken on this point and that it wasn't true, he said that Mr. Wendler couldn't have anything against the idea.

Choice: She must Accept "Viktor" or Leave

I am now in a very delicate situation. At best Viktor would consider me his sweetheart and would visit me every evening. At worst he will brag about it among his comrades in the courtyard, who will then regard me as "Freiwild" and no longer adhere to the instruction of the commandant. It is simply dreadful! Nor can I jeopardize the Family Wendler along with their girls in the attic — Wendlers, who out of pity had taken me in. There remains actually only one way out — to leave the house!

2. 14. 45. Bright the next morning, Viktor stormed into the house, cheerful and untroubled, and pressed my hands heartily and embraced me in front of all present. He had a machine-gun hanging around him and took his leave to go on a cross-country trip. Presumably he was going to fight partisans. In the evening he would return with his comrades and would have a celebration with Vodka and goose and music!

If only I could crawl away and hide somewhere! But that is impossible! In case I should go up to the loft and they come after me, they would discover the girls hiding there. The courtyard itself is constantly watched, so that no one can hide there. And after six no one dare enter the street!

Today is really a gorgeous day but within us only gray hopelessness. I have carefully prepared my rucksack to be ready to leave with the next

work-deportation. Mr. Wendler implored me, however, to remain, that he will take it upon himself to talk with the commandant at whatever the risk to himself!

In the afternoon when I went to fetch the bread (Mr. Wendler had received a bread ration card from the Russians), I met Mrs. von Strehlen, who used to know how to chat so amiable and carefree. She was totally changed. I doubt that she was even in her right mind any more. Everyone has become so strange, so dejected and frenzied, one scarcely dares speak to one another.

At 5 P. M., "Scheiss-egal," the swaggering smith, came to the door with crusty hands and demanded warm water. Smilingly he told how he had murdered a German peasant because he had given him five eggs instead of sixteen. No doubt the poor farmer didn't have any more than that. He cursed at the Germans, cracked the air with his whip and screamed: "Schnurri, Schnurri" upon the German backs! We had all goose flesh from horror.

The Russians are unpredictable — on the one hand good and approachable, and on the other, completely uncontrolled and cruel.

And now evening draws near and I see no way out!

2. 14. 45. Yesterday evening we fearfully awaited the return of the team of horses with which Viktor and his comrades had ridden off, but during the entire night nothing stirred in the courtyard. My back pained so much that I could not sleep, perhaps caused by the folds in the straw sack. It would be a good deed if we could somehow bring my couch down from T. street.

Someday There May Be Decent Russians But —

In order to scout around and find out how affairs were up there and to scrounge for potatoes, I took little Mary by the hand and two sacks and climbed up the hill. But at the beginning of T. street there was a large black and white detour sign over the road and a guard in front of it. I made it clear to him that I wanted to get "Kartusch" and in a friendly manner he signalled another guard, who then accompanied us along the "uliza stiering", as our good old street now was named. In the third house a woman lieutenant tore open a window and allowed herself to be informed about us civilians. Thereupon the sergeant had to summon a still higher ranking officer and only then, escorted by an armed soldier, who looked like a robber of Abruzzi, were we able to go to the steps behind our house. At the place where my cabbages were buried, there was a pile of rubble, and as for the potatoes, they had already disappeared. When the soldiers at the front of the house saw that I had to leave without having been successful, they got their heads together and I could ascertain from their gestures that I should proceed with the guard. He then led me, while Mary waited upstairs, into a pitch-black cellar in the Steinstrasse and handed me down from a rack six glasses of preserved vegetables. Then I was supposed to go down to the potato cellar with him but gradually it became so uncanny down there with all those wild looking people that I preferred to go outside again.

I thanked him with a very friendly "spassivo", but he had already asked me in what part of the city I was living and winked his eye. Every good

dead these boys do is supposed to be rewarded with "spat". Betty Wendler, though the wife of the dentist, has been forbidden by her husband to leave the house because women are constantly being deported — at the moment for the purpose of digging trenches in Petersburg.

Helen stopped by in the afternoon to say that the Poles were carrying on dreadfully in Mrs. Müller's house. They had been living up in front of the house since the day before, taking out whatever they could make use of. The Germans in the house hid their remaining effects either under the wood pile, beneath the coalbin or under rubble, but gradually everything was unearthed. Yesterday the Poles threatened in reprisal for hidden carpets, to set fire to the house by night and as a result no one slept, wanting to be on the alert if something should happen. When storms of a violent nature caused the remains of the neighboring house to collapse, everyone thought the threat had been carried out.

Helen sleeps on the floor between the 91-year-old mother of Mrs. Müller and a 75-year-old woman and puts on fur protection, just like the two old ladies, a huge night-bonnet. When the Russians force their way in, the ancient woman has to raise herself slowly and turn her dimming eyes to the door. In this way they have been successful several times in making the rats coil back at the sight of them. Generally, however, nothing scares these perverted fellows back.

Providence Has Liquidated One Bolshevik Beast

As soon as the current wave of recruiting women work-commands has ebbed a bit, I intend to look up Dr. Holt to consult him about my various troubles. This elderly doctor, who had been retired for quite some time, was now, due to a lack of adequate German doctors, practicing in a former schoolroom. His house is burnt down and he has scarcely any instruments or medical supplies left, but he tries to help the German girls and women wherever possible. At the moment I wouldn't be fit for work, feeling limp and exhausted and since several weeks having a terrible cough so bad, in fact, that I fear my lung may be affected. The cough is really embarrassing and unpleasant because I disturb Mr. Wendler in the night with it.

S. 16. 45. Latest report: Stalin is rumored to have made a peace offer to Hitler, but the latter has no intention of stopping but rather continues to sacrifice many more thousand people. I think of Tom as I would think of a sunny childhood memory, so far removed seem our years together: When will we meet again? Where might he be? What sort of report are the army making out there in the Reich about our section? Probably following the accustomed pattern as follows: "Russian tank spearheads penetrated into Neumark", and in the meanwhile the people here are suffering bodily and spiritually unspeakably and are to all practical purposes prisoners.

Last evening Mr. Wendler reported to the courtyard commandant in order to set a suitable time with him for an intended dentist's consultation, mainly, however, to establish our position anew, that is, to prevent further nightly visits to our house. At that time he learned from the commandant that the best of his men, namely Viktor, had been shot by the partisans on the previous day. This message concerned me deeply, for evidently

Providence had literally done away with this problem with a firm hand!

A Shift in Russian Occupation Troops

The visit to the commandant would not have been necessary, since early this morning almost the entire old Russian occupation troops left in a surprise departure. New ones are expected. A new worry arises as a result of this turn of events: What worry arises as a result of this turn of events? Will they recognize the "Czech household" and will we be protected in the future against caprice and encroachment? Nearby, in a small inn a French family just moved in, the mother is expecting a child any moment. The little girl, Kitty, comes over quite often to play with Mary. The father is just as little a Frenchman as Mr. Wendler is a Czechoslovak. Each one must see to it that he gets by as best he can!

We surmised, and rightly so, that with the withdrawal of the Russians the house in the T. Street was also vacated. Hence Mr. Wendler and I drove up there with the rack wagon and were admitted at the checking point by the sentry because Mr. Wendler wore a Red Cross badge and was a "Czech". (Thank God none of the Russians knows Czech or they would notice immediately that Mr. Wendler is by no means a master of the Czech language.) With the speed of a monkey he had dragged the couch down from the house steps, and just as quickly we hurried home. I had scarcely a moment in which to look around in our former home, but at any rate I noticed that it looked even more wild than when I had seen it before. Everything was gunned up with dirt and shrapnel. It constantly pains me to see in devastation what we had cherished, cared for, and loved so much. Rather see it all consumed by flames at one time!

Fears Violation Caused Pregnancy

S. 17. 45. The Poles are expected any moment. These the Germans fear even more than the Russians. In white chalk is written on the Polish trucks: "Death to all Germans!" But this isn't my worst worry. I am more concerned about my health. My monthly period is long overdue and I have heartburn. Under present conditions to be expecting a child would indeed be a ghastly joke, and a Russian baby at that! For years I wanted a child in the worst way — took all kinds of medicine and treatments, and when after six years my dreams came true, little Rainer had to die. And now in a moment of violation, suffused with fear and terror, could it be that in this ghastly moment a child had come into being? What would Tom say! Oh, if I could only be with him now!

Only now are the Russians said to have forced a wedge to the Ostsee between Stettin and Danzig. They seem to have succeeded in occupying only a small strip of land in our region. Perhaps one might still get through to where the German troops were stationed. If only one could know where they were nearest! Gladly would I wander through the forest to escape. But it all seems so hopeless! Now and again one hears a dull shooting, but so far away.

Today I let Dr. Holt prescribe something for me. I am supposed to drink Rosemary tea and take hot foot baths. The first attempt was a failure. I had only feelings of oppression and severe headaches. In the evening the new Russian commandant put in his appearance, after Mr. Wendler had introduced

himself to him. He wanted to make some inquiry about treatment for a tooth and greeted us women with an almost czaristically elegant handkerchief, something which is of more than paradoxical effect when done by a Bolshevik. He makes a good appearance and as he seated himself at the table - which is covered only by a tattered linen on which the remnants of our meager meal were still standing -- I felt almost embarrassed. The kitchen is a perfect symbol of proletarianism! It almost looks like a stage decoration for a poor man's environment. Often the officer cast a significant glance at my way, as he had not been informed of my presence in the house, apparently, and I tried to make a stupid impression, which I succeeded very well in doing because of my extremely severe abdominal pains. Regardless of that fact he will make inquiry about me and I only hope it will not have serious consequences for the Wendlers.

A Hint of the Bestialities Our Brothers-in-Arms Practiced

3. 18. 50. Today I was at the doctor's again. It is inconceivable the accumulation of human misery that had assembled itself in his waiting room. Women were wedged against one another who had been infected. Many were in the same condition that I feared myself to be in. All those waiting anxiously to see the doctor were at one time fine, decent women and girls, who had known venereal disease only from hearsay, the diseases with which they were now infected. Many were totally covered with a skin rash such as to make one shudder. Now they told without shame, bluntly and without euphemism their experiences with the Russians. Many had been violated in a bestial way. A group of the Russians who had invaded in February consisting for the most part of Asiatics, made up of dreadful libertines, who thrust a revolver in the mouth of their victims while raping them or committed more horrible actions that one cannot describe. Many a young girl lost her life this way.

Shortly before it was my turn to be admitted to the doctor a woman from the neighborhood of Berbitz was brought in who was in a horribly wretched condition. She had been attacked by a Mongolian on the way to Berbitz passing through the woods and so bestially attacked that her uterus was hanging out. From the brutalities and cruelties to which the women living in bunkers are exposed when the Russians stage their drunken orgies at night, many will doubtlessly never recover. The worst of it is that the drug stores have long since been depleted of supplies, and the Russians themselves have requisitioned all manner of tablets and pills. The very thought that one has no way of fighting the further development of the horrid diseases is enough to make the victims insane. And there is no one around to put a stop to this carrying on. Nowhere is there protection or refuge. The Russians justify their actions by an alleged command of Stalin: "From every German woman a Russian child!" If only these beasts were not all syphilitic. The Russians say that in Russia they were all well and that they got these infections from the Poles.

I can't thank God enough that he led me to Wendler's where at least I wasn't turned over to the rabble.

Violated Women with Child — What To Do!

My own lot of course wasn't enviable either. Several more times the doctor gave me pills, but unfortunately they were no longer effective. Therefore, within the next days, like many other women in the same tragic condition, I would have to undergo an operation. Dr. Holt simply assumed this as to be taken for granted.

3. 19. 45. Early today Helen reappeared after a long absence, this time in the uniform of a nurse. Meanwhile she had contracted, in addition to gonorrhea, an infected throat. While she lay wrapped up in a blanket, naked on a mattress to try to induce sweating, seven Russians came into the room, one of them with a seven-thonged whip in his hand, and tore the blanket from her, apparently to convince themselves that it wasn't a man. Then to complete the joke, they took along the bundle which lay nearby containing Helen's only change of underwear, a dress and her knitted jacket, so that Helen only had left, like mother Eve, a fig to clothe herself in. Mrs. Müller managed to scrounge another uniform from some things in the loft for her, which happened to fit despite her unusual stature.

My condition remains about the same. I am terribly weak and feel that I can hardly endure the spiritual depression. Tomorrow I am due at the doctor's to undergo the operation. Naturally I am frightened but I cannot turn a deaf ear to the admonition of Mr. and Mrs. Wendler and other friends, that an immediate "end of the terror" is to be preferred to a "terror without end". If only I could first speak with Tom!

3. 20. 45. At three in the afternoon Mrs. Kettler offered to take me to the slaughter! With trepidation I climbed onto the table that served as an operation-table. The doctor had been detained in the next room and I overheard his conversation with a lady I knew. He expressed himself very pessimistically regarding the future and said that although he wanted to live as long as possible he was still reserving for himself and his daughter each one cyanide tablet should he need to end it all. Then he came in to where I was and carried out the gynecological operation, entirely without narcotic or local anesthesia. It was fearfully painful. I must now remain lying down three days. Dr. Holt feels all consequences are removed but I must come back in fourteen days just for a check up. Every day he has fifteen such cases as mine and received no fee for it. Whoever can, brings a bit of food in gratitude. Before taking on such cases Dr. Holt had consulted with the commissary burgomaster as well as with the Russian commander-in-chief in order to be protected and apparently even my operation had been approved by all sides.

2. The German bishops assembled at Fulda on August 23, 1945, with a heavy heart, but firmly, denied German women relief through abortion from their enforced Allied conceptions. They said:

"Life must not be deliberately and consciously destroyed—even when it has risen from fraud or violence. From a purely human point of view such situations are, no doubt, among the most tragic to be faced by a woman. . . . If necessary, institutions will have to be built with public be brought up in Christian charity. Their destruction can never be contemplated, and nobody can grant the right to interfere with the supreme rights of God and to nullify His life. Every physician . . . will do his best to honor his duty as a physician to such activities. I must remember him that mothers will have to endeavor to bring up their children in the best manner than the innocent life maturing in them" (From the Brooklyn Tablet, Sept. 15, 1945).

More Looting and Labor Drafts

The worst news of the day comes from old Mr. Grebmann that the hidden room in our house has been discovered and everything plundered. Unfortunately I am at the moment in no condition to worry over it since I am lying on the couch and can scarcely move. Otherwise I might have been able to salvage some of Tom's clothes. But why bother, for if we ever had the unhoped-for luck of escaping from this wretched place, it would in all probability be by foot and we couldn't drag much with us.

8. 22. 45. Yesterday a strange man was here to round up all possible able-bodied women. When Mrs. Wendler said that Mrs. Lutz must lie in bed for three days people knew at once what was the matter. There was a terrific uproar when Mr. Wendler came home because Mrs. Kettler out of jealousy wants to inform on 16-year-old Ruth in the event her own daughter is drafted. He went into a rage and almost threw both the women out of the house. Mrs. Kettler got an attack of hysteria and craved in such a way that I wouldn't have wondered, had the Russians come running.

Today is the day the Russians are due back, if there is any truth in recent rumors. They said that the Americans had demanded that the Russians clear out of the East territory. In the afternoon Mr. Wendler came home with the report that the Germans were staging a counter-offensive and that they would possibly return. And as a matter of fact one could hear more frequent and louder artillery fire. He wants to leave with the Russians and take his family with him as he is still posing as their friend and would of course be looked upon by the Germans as an enemy. For me this loud shooting is almost like a symphony concert although it is questionable whether one would ever get away with one's life should Berbitz become a battle ground. But anything is better than this rape-regime of the Russians.

The whole courtyard is filled once more with the former occupation troops. Are the Russians really supposed to be on the retreat? At noon Mr. Grebmann was down in the kitchen in his present capacity of rounder-up of workers. I cannot but think of him as a rogue! He pirated Hilde Kettler away because as a local resident he knew of her existence. She would be reserved however only for special cases, since she had a doctor's certificate stating she had heart trouble.

In the afternoon the whole company of the courtyard troops had to line up. The officer in charge held a speech. Among other things he read off a four-page report and spoke very impressively and with gestures to his men. Perhaps it is really true that after today the Russians will no longer be allowed to plunder and rob and perhaps they must also leave the women alone! That would be too good to be true! Or maybe there will be a foreign staff to make inspection because today they cleaned up the courtyard as never before. They are unfortunately only sheer speculations for one never learns anything from the Russians themselves.

8. 24. 45. I am still lying sick in bed and have moved in with the children to have more quiet. Somehow the fever doesn't want to leave and stays at 39°. I only hope there is no infection but the pain is dreadful. Especially now I feel very embarrassed at having to lie a-bed because Mrs. Wendler too is suffering from cramps in the stomach and I am unable to do my share of the housework.

Grebmann asks every day how I am, not that he is interested in my well-being but because he wants to register me as a substitute worker. But even if I wanted in the worst way to help, I couldn't tackle the clearing of rubble or carrying boards because my abdomen is still much too weak.

8. 25. 45. Yesterday Mr. Wendler received permission from the commandatura to go with a Russian truck to Arnswalde and fetch plaster from an abandoned business, since the supply in our town had run out. Despite his permit, however, he was stopped in that city and put in jail so that he sweated blood and water until he was released two hours later. Without the plaster, he returned home with the next truck and in the evening his knees were still shaking. He will never trust himself beyond the limits of Berbitz again. Here every man who moves about freely is known to the Russians, all other men have been deported. The food gets worse and worse, the supplies do not come through and the stock on hand, that is, what cattle wasn't stolen, is rapidly being used up. Fortunately our house is not in too great a need, thanks to the gifts of the Russians to the Danish dental surgeon who shares his rations with Mr. Wendler. But still it is embarrassing enough for me to hear every day that even these extras will soon be gone. The Wendlers keep me going and I can't possibly make it up to them with money despite the fact that I try to ease my conscience by giving them 100 Marks monthly from my small amount of cash.

Kettlers are finally returning to their house which had been vacated, in fact, almost cleaned out. They consider themselves abused and allegedly can stand no more. Hilde is a docile child who does only what mama permits. I feel sorry for her if she should ever fall into Russian hands far away from her domestic protection. It is seldom that something better follows, and I only hope that Wendlers don't take in Mrs. Schneider, an erstwhile acquaintance, who had just returned with her children to Berbitz to a nearby estate. She deserves sympathy, it is true, when she tells of all the atrocities suffered but she and the children are highly infected with venereal disease.

The water is infected, and even the milk, which comes from cows that get no care. Mrs. Wendler confessed that she recently got some milk from a boy and drank it raw, for which she paid dearly with severe stomach pains.

The War Drags on

It now looks definitely as if the Russians would not retreat. The heavy shooting has stopped, and so once more hopelessness sets in, especially when one is so sick. In the courtyard and on the street the Russians continuously shoot off their guns wherever they are, regardless of the likelihood of hitting someone. Although today is Sunday, one would never know it. One day is like another. Mr. Wendler works at the dentist's like on any other day. He too is very depressed and yesterday envied Dr. Holt his cyanide. Apparently our only salvation is the end of the war and that might still be a long way off, it seems to persist tenaciously. The Americans are supposed to be in the neighborhood of Cologne and Coblenz. One hears nothing more of Berlin. Where could my dear Tom be? Once again in East Prussia?

Even in their Hospitality the Russians are Primitive Brutes

8. 26. 45. Yesterday evening Mr. Wendler was invited to the Russian officer's and could find no excuse for not accepting. For quite some time he was gone and we surmised rightly that he had to drink great quantities of vodka, although he cannot stand any alcoholic drinks whatsoever. Later on the officer accompanied him home personally. The poor man was hardly in his right senses and the whole night he was sick. Mr. Wendler said he had been a "victim of his diplomatic mission," since the officer, as we could foresee, had asked about me and when he learned my story had nothing against my presence in the house. We could never get accustomed to the Russians. Even this man who looked so distinguished was on closer inspection, downright ordinary. He lives with a mistress, although he has a wife in Russia who is directress in a seminary. Loyalty means nothing to the Russians. After they had drunk a number of glasses of schnaps he lifted his friend's skirt, slapped her on the thigh, and offered her, so to speak, to Mr. Wendler. Apparently in their circles even this goes along with hospitality. Mr. Wendler became panic stricken lest he be expected to exchange his wife for her. Luckily he got around this issue tactfully. The Russian women around the courtyard have voices like birds, squeaky, and without expression. Although in uniform, they are still regular females. I should like so much to talk with an educated Russian. There must surely be some, and learn of the customs and ways in that country and what they think about God and religion. But that is impossible, for one cannot trust a Russian that far.

Today my condition is so bad and I have such pains, that for the first time I cried bitterly. Surely infection has set in!

I have become very ill and have the most dreadful pains on the right side of the abdomen. Yesterday Mr. Wendler called Dr. Holt. But he could do nothing for me and only prescribed Chinin which the drug-store unfortunately is long since depleted of. If I don't improve, Mr. Wendler will have to take me to Sidorow where a hospital for German people has been set up in the manager's house on a large estate. This is one of the lowest tricks of the Russians, that seriously ill persons have to travel a long, rough road when the large modern hospital is standing empty right nearby. Out in Sidorow there is a certain Dr. Weiss, who is much more experienced than that good papa Holt. I doubt that I could stand any more pain without my heart giving out.

3. 27. 45. The Russians were screaming around the courtyard and it sounds as if wolves were howling. There is a thirteen-year-old boy among them who is also in uniform and he is carrying on in a very arrogant brazen and unruly way. He stole German people on the street — he speaks German — questions them, and tyrannizes children and animals. Today he wanted to drown Teddy, our nice little fox terrier, kept ducking him in the brook and finally shot him in the leg with a pistol. Mr. Wendler just arrived in time to pull the little dog out. Now he lies trembling, and Mary is beside herself with anxiety for her little comrade.

Her Personal Condition is Getting Worse

8. 28. 45. The Russians have camouflaged with pine boughs the park in front of our house where their trucks are parked. This makes one wonder if

an air-raid might take place. But then again it might be merely on account of single German planes that fly over toward evening and throw a few bombs down. Mr. Wendler asked young Hans Jurak if he might borrow the horse that he recently corralled and the old wagon. The Danish doctor plans to take me and two seriously ill ladies out to Sidorow.

3. 29. 45. I had prepared myself mentally for entering the hospital and spent the night seated on the edge of the bed, enduring the pain without complaining. But now the plan has to come to naught since in the meantime both horse and wagon have been stolen.

The girls who live in the second room in the loft experienced a terrible shock in the early hours of the morning when heavy footsteps could be heard coming up the stairs. The door was thrown open and two Russians of higher rank stood there with Mr. Wendler behind them, while, with soap suds still on his face, in his underdrawers. The Russians were astonished to find up in the attic such a nicely outfitted apartment with genuine carpets, pictures and books and said to one another that there was plenty of room here. Probably they had been sent up by the Hof-Natschalnik who didn't believe things were as bad as indicated by the poor surroundings in the kitchen. The Russians aren't stupid!

There is no use fooling myself, my pains grow steadily worse. Mr. Wendler was able to procure me some narcotic pills from the dentist, but they served only to quiet the pain and not cure the ailment. I would definitely have to go to the hospital in Sidorow but how to get there? By foot would be out of the question, on the one hand because of the Russians and on the other because of my weakened condition which wouldn't permit even an hour's walk.

Rumors are constantly flying about from house to house. One tells another: The Germans are said to have retaken Landsberg and would soon arrive here as liberators. I believe no more of what is said but one still likes to hear the rumors. Wendler forbade me to tell him such rumors. He wants to be as fair but never thinks of the fact that he is about the only one of the hundreds in Berbitz, aside from the Russians, who doesn't long for the Germans to arrive.

I must constantly hear him tell me that it is senseless to think of such a possibility. This of course increases my feeling of hopelessness to the utmost, whereas a rumor that the Germans are approaching is a veritable stimulus to me in my pain.

And I am sure Mr. Wendler doesn't really feel at ease among the Russians, and he is especially fearful of the Poles, who tend to be anti-Jewish. For one thing he goes through the streets whistling loudly and even whistles in the house, which in this miserable time is very hard to take. But I see through this bravado well enough, and remember the little song:

"Wenn die Kinder sind im Dunkeln
Wird beklemmen ihr Gemüt,
Und um ihre Angst zu bannen,
Singen sie ein lautes Lied."

The other folks do not know all this of course, and I have it said to me that Wendler is the most

¹ This is from Heinrich Heine. Years ago the editor by coincidence had translated this poem in *The English Journal* (Nov., 1944, p. 789). His version for this verse is "Children when they lie in darkness / Pout vague terror creep about, And to ban away their nightmares / Break out loud in heavy song."

hated man in Berbitz. Naturally there is much envy of him because he gets enough to eat and the others don't. In fact I marvel how the others do manage to get enough to keep alive. Mrs. Schneider now has a "steady-Russian", a chauffeur, whom she has taken in and who spends nights there. In this way she procures enough to keep her family alive, but then the Russians don't worry about details like that. At any rate both women use this as a means of getting enough food for themselves.

8. 30. 45. My pains are no longer bearable! I do not find death from a Russian bullet, nor do I starve to death, but I am dying from a disease which no one can cure. I linger on through the easing effect of narcotic pills and I am constantly half in a trance. When these pills can no longer be had I shall have to hang myself! Today is Good Friday and I ponder over ultimate values. I should like so much to see my husband, my mother, my sister and the other relatives and friends, but I have the feeling that will never come to pass.

A Loaf of Bread Buys Wagon Ride to Hospital

April 1, 1945: Easter Sunday. On Good Friday courage born of despair came over me and I got dressed with the intention of going by foot to Sidorow. Mr. Wendler, however, stopped a farmer with his wagon and bribed him with a loaf of bread to take me with him. The farmer's wife, who had five boys on the wagon, was willing for the sake of a loaf of rye bread to wait ten minutes for me and take me along. In a short time all the things necessary were in a little bag, and Mrs. Kettler, who is still here, and Mr. Wendler took me past the guard and put me on the middle board.

The wagon had no springs and all the way to Sidorow I had to bear up under many hard and painful jolts added to which the boys cut up the whole time, pushed each other off the wagon or bore down on the horse to go faster. My every limb ached. Through the boards on the side I could see that the countryside was starting to become green. Finally we reached the estate, and Mr. Born, the old Studienrat whom I knew from earlier years but hardly recognized anymore, helped me down. His wife lay dying in the hospital and only a transfusion from bloodgroup 0 could help her. The poor man was running around, but where to find someone with bloodgroup 0?

I had to wait hours in the cold outside the improvised hospital because the vestibule was already filled to overflowing. There, right in front of the hospital, one could catch a fatal disease. There were many sick with typhus being brought in, some had diphtheria, and the rest had venereal disease. A young mother brought her child crying loudly, dying of blood poisoning. Dr. Holt had already given the case up. "It must die", she wailed. "I have given up one child already". It was heart-rending. Now more than ever, I felt it was a stroke of fortune that my little Rainer had passed away before the coming of the Russians. I would never have brought him safely through these times, and the little verse that at the time seemed incomprehensible to me now came back to my thoughts:

"Right often has a blessing come upon you in the guise of grief, but at the time you lacked the power to discern it."

Diagnosis Grave, But No Room in the Hospital

Dr. Weiss, who looked like a living ghost from the severe overstrain he had suffered, examined me as sixth patient of ten gynecologic cases and diagnosed the trouble as double inflammation of the ovary ducts and ovaries. One can do nothing for me, he said, because all the medicine for such ailments is gone and one could not accept me in the hospital because in such cases there is no way of telling how long the disease will last. In most such cases all sorts of complications were likely to ensue, inflammation of the large intestine and so on. The hospital was available only for amputations and other urgent cases.

Grief stricken at the diagnosis I hardly felt the pelling rain as I dragged myself back on foot to Berbitz. If the war isn't over soon, so that I can get the medicines I need, I shall be lost! That the Americans shouldn't send in such medicaments is understandable since we are at war with them, but why does not the Swiss Red Cross come to our help? Don't they, perchance, know in what dire need of medicine we are? Switzerland is a neutral country. If one could only send them an S. O. S.

Halfway home I passed some temporary shelters where I saw Mrs. von der Heide. She is a very well educated, charming lady, of my own age, who frequently used to be our guest. She is very confident and firmly expects our liberation. Her family is not too badly off, since the tank crews who park outside her place bring things to eat. In return she has to do their laundry and cook rich food for them. Furthermore five of the Russians sleep in her kitchen, while the six inhabitants of the house are crowded together in a small adjoining room. She too as a consequence of rape was no longer menstruating, but had not yet done anything to purge the unwanted life, because, she said, as long as the violations continue, it's of no use!

When "Towaritch" at the courtyard gate — he still knew me — had let me pass, I saw even at a distance my bedding being aired at the window, and I could well imagine how happy Mrs. Wendler must be, despite her constant good will towards me, that she could be alone and undisturbed, especially at Eastertime. And now they had me at their neck again! But good-hearted soul that she was, Mrs. Wendler shook my hand warmly and set about arranging a place for me to sleep.

Her Crisis is Approaching

4. 8. 45. Helen Bärwald had likewise been caught in the recent labor draft and had to go once more to forced employment, and this despite her broken-down health. It is remarkable, the amount of resistance there is in the human body, before it is finally beaten.

Since the arrival of the Polish burgomaster all women between twelve and sixty have to turn out at 7 in the morning to be formed into a work detachment and, escorted by a Russian guard, be transported somewhere for work. There really isn't so much work to be done; it is mostly a matter of abuse. Mrs. Kettler had to sign up today too, although she looks as if one could blow her over. She did in fact give out on the way to the factory and came back home. Now she is moving to her new quarters with a small cart, since it is impossible for her to remain longer with the Wendlers. They want to get rid of her at all costs.

I am half mad from pain, taking pills day and night, and my head is spinning from it. I can't possibly hold out much longer.

Today it looks as if the Russians would retreat, the baggage wagons are heading eastward. Although I haven't any idea how I could possibly escape from the area of battle, sick as I am, I still would be supremely happy if the Germans would move in. Today there are several planes overhead. April weather is here: it is drizzling, and the woods will be wet!

4. 4. 45. Mr. Wendler is just arriving with the news that the Americans have pressed deep into German territory and are supposed to be as far as Thüringen. It appears to me the only way to end this whole mess since we can no longer expect deliverance at German hands. If only the war would end soon. I hope I will live to see it, for I am indeed wretched. I pray so much, but even God doesn't help me. And yet I lack the courage to take my own life. Despite the fearful pains, I still nourish the secret hope of seeing Tom again. But would he care to see me in this wasted condition, weak and sick as I am. Maybe he has learned to console himself somehow — he isn't in the habit of brooding on the tragic side of life! I now have a fever of 98.6° degrees and no one gives a rap about me. It is really likely that I am beyond hope.

Girl Jumped Out of Window to Escape a Bolshevik Beast

4. 10. 45. I am still alive but last evening was horrible. It may have been the crisis. My fever went over 40° and I screamed in delirium until suddenly I broke out in a sweat. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wendler in consideration of the dread solemnity of the crisis had lighted their last candle and were sitting at my bed with their children, thinking that my hour had come. Hilde Kettler just came along, limping badly, and begged admission for the night. A Russian had discovered her and only by jumping from a window in the first floor did she escape him. Early this morning she was sitting at my side and hoped she would be asked to remain. Every night she goes somewhere else to evade the Russians, — what a life for a young girl like that!

They told me all these things early this morning when I awoke from a long sleep. Thus I seem to have pulled through once again.

The Diary Ends and Narrative Resumes

I have likewise made notations in my diary of the following days and weeks. The same state of fear and suspense pervaded during this time. Deeply depressed I hung between fear and hope, caused by the hopelessness of ever returning to a normally regulated life.

When I finally got out of bed again, I seemed to be transferred from a dream world into a raw reality in which I scarcely knew how to begin again. Gladly would I have closed my eyes to ignore the burdensome time, but life had to begin again sometime even though comfortless. More than ever I had to muster up moral and physical courage to measure up to all that was ahead of me, especially since the Wendler family had gotten the order to leave Berlin. People were busy getting ready a transport to deport foreigners — first to take them to a mass camp in Posen, thence to Breslau, and from there to Prague. I was in constant fear of having to

leave, but fortunately this great plan of resettlement never took place.

On May 1st, the great Russian holiday, Helen Barwald returned from her second compulsory labor draft, and this time she was gravely ill. Presumably she brought typhus fever and for this reason I forbade her to visit the Wendlers. She was convinced that lacking skilled care, she couldn't pull through, and she no longer had the strength to resist the depressing effect of the disease.

The War Ends to become "History's Most Terrifying Peace"

On May 9th we learned that this gruesome war was over. How we had longed for this great day, but how differently it was than we had imagined it would be! Naturally we knew for some time that we would not be the victors, but we couldn't have dreamed in the wildest nightmares the horror that was still awaiting us Germans in the Eastern part of the country.

I climbed the hill once more to take a look at our house. It seemed to have been made over into a hospital. The once handsome furniture of the Grebmann's stood out in wind and weather behind the house, my carpets lay out to fit the stairs in front of the house and along the garden path to the gate. From a sign on the main door, "Defense d'entrer", one could assume that the place was under French occupation. Despite the prohibition I entered the house from the rear and scurried along the hall and up to the second floor to cast a glance at my own former dwelling. It was almost unbelievable that I wasn't discovered, either by a Russian male nurse or one of the other nurses, although I didn't try to avoid being seen. It was as if I wore a cap of invisibility! I even went as far as to grab from the bathroom soiled clothing which was still lying in the hamper, and some soap and a hand towel. If someone had come into the room at that time, I would have been caught in the act. I asked a Frenchman leaning in front of the door why the carpets had been taken out into the open, where they would be ruined in the rain. His only answer was: "It won't rain!"

Salvaging Potatoes and an Accident

Although I was physically still very weak, I went out once more on a potato-hunt to show that I was useful. I found an abandoned basement full of rotted potatoes which gurgled when to sort out the good ones I stepped on them. It stank dreadfully in that hole, but in two days I managed to salvage almost 100 pounds of potatoes. But while bringing a sack home I had an accident. The cellar steps in Wendler's courtyard dropped perpendicularly and were closed off by a trap door that was propped up with a stick when one went down. As I was about to drag the potatoes down the stair, the wind blew the door shut on my head and I fell unconscious to the bottom. A Pole who had apparently noticed this, carried me up. I suffered a dreadful hemorrhage, and for days could neither sit nor stand.

The Russian captain, our courtyard-Natschalnik, had somehow learned of my misfortune and inquired about me through Mr. Wendler. I was really quite astonished and almost touched by his concern and when I could walk again I saw him from a distance in the courtyard as he dismounted from his car. He greeted me very cordially and I was almost sorry

that I had learned of his misconduct while drinking vodka with Mr. Wendler that time, for otherwise I might have taken him for a gentleman.

Getting Ready for Escape to Berlin

About the end of May without saying anything at home about it, I visited Helen Barwald. I wanted to talk over with her the possibility of attempting the trek through wasted no man's land to Berlin. Apart from the fact that we lacked the necessary foodstuffs for the journey, Helen still felt too weak to take upon herself any such exertion.

Then Thursday, May 31, 1945, arrived, a radiant spring day, which I shall be able in the future to celebrate with far more justification than my birthday! I looked out the window and scarcely dared trust my eyes as I saw, washing his hands in the fountain, our "Holy Stefan". I called to him. He turned around, and recognizing me at once, laughed back at me. While I was still telling Betty of this happening, Mr. Wendler came in excitedly and said that if I chose to, I could ride to Berlin with the captain right away. My heart jumped from surprise for I had never dreamed that I could get an offer like this. Of course I had often felt, in desperation, that I would avail myself of the first chance to get out of Berbitz, and now that the chance had come I lost no time in delaying. In a flash I fetched my two trunks. All else that I had purloined away from our house in single trips had to be left behind. I hadn't the vaguest notion what was awaiting me in Berlin, if our house would still be standing, and how I would ever manage, but all these worries about details were unimportant along side of the indescribable joy of leaving Berbitz.

It was like a modern fairy-tale; smiling, the captain awaited me at the car-door, and Stepanik, his chauffeur, lifted the bags into the trunk.

My expression of thanks to the Wendlers for self-sacrificing hospitality had to be cut all too short. We merely took leave from one another in the hope of meeting again in better times. "Best of the best, and my regards to Helen!" I cried and was already speeding out of the town toward the main highway. The wind caught up my hair, flapping it like a sail, and eyes closed, with an overwhelming surge of a will to live again, I face freedom once more!

THE EDITOR'S CONCLUDING COMMENT

Here on a note of optimism, ends the *Journal* of Elizabeth Lutz. In reality her escape to Berlin was fraught with more tragic difficulties than most American women have to face in a lifetime. But the worst was over, and so as not to prolong the story, her *Journal* stops here. She did in fact reach Berlin, where General Eisenhower and his "chivalrous" West Allied troops obligingly waited at the outskirts, while the Eurasian Soviet beasts enacted the most ghastly and enormous raping and looting orgy which Christian Europe had ever had to suffer. This is what the great American "crusade" achieved for the women of Europe! But instead of repenting for the awful fruits of their unconditional surrender, the victors tried to cover up their vandalism, expulsions, loot, and rape, literally the vastest ever committed in world history, by staging brazenly publicized warcrimes trials against the Germans! But that is another story — and history will someday tell it!

By and by, the writer of this *Journal*, several times ravished by the beasts whom the Hiss-advised "crusaders" invited to sit with them at the Nuremberg trials, managed to escape into the American zone of Germany. Eventually, tattered and worn, her husband returned too. Having lost everything, and endured a shame worse than death, they are rebuilding life anew and together. Just to see that such a will to take life for better or for worse is possible has been an inspiration to the editor of this *Journal*. May it move all readers to bring the crimes of World War II into proper perspective — and to require of their statesmen the Atlantic Charter peace they promised the American people when they were trying to coax and swindle them into this second "crusade"!

POSTSCRIPT

Gen. Frank Howley in Berlin Command describes how our Nuremberg "pals" were behaving when he entered Berlin on June 17, 1945:

"A former secretary of mine, a girl of 17, had to be wheeled in a baby carriage several blocks down her street to a hospital, after seven Russian soldiers had taken turns raping her and her mother in their apartment . . . Two hundred and thirty German girls were treated at the same hospital in a single day" (Quoted from *Newsweek*, Jan. 23, 1950).

J. Edgar Hoover complained recently that behind 55,000 Communists in this country "stand a half million fellow travelers and sympathizers ready to do the Communist bidding" (Quoted from *U. S. News*, May 12, 1950). So spiked with pro-Commies and Morgenthauists were our Government and publicity agencies that even a paper like *Stars and Stripes* was capable of the supreme insult of likening our American troops to these Soviet rape-and-loom beasts. It reported:

"Russian soldiers are the most carefree screwballs that ever came together in an army. They would be best described as exactly like Americans only twice as much" (Quoted from *Newsweek*, May 8, 1950).

That is how the Hisslings and Morgenthauists have tried to glorify the defilers of German, Austrian, and Hungarian women to the American public!

1. See "The Rape of Berlin," by Wm. Henry Chamberlin, *The New Leader*, p. 16, Dec. 29, 1945 (Available 10c a copy, from Boniface Press). See also "Ravishing the Women of Conquered Europe," by Dr. A. J. App (Boniface Press, 10c a copy) 25, 31-32.

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